46 NO. 4 Special Short Story Issue APRIL 1959

Above the Morning

Margery S. Stewart

Thou hast not made the day
Less lovely, Lord,
Because I faltered at the
Battle's edge,
Or, by reason of small wounds,
Cast down my sword.
Tenderly, yet wildly beautiful
Thy burning sun
Winds through the morning
Mistiness;
Thy fleeing stars
Cast garments spun
Of silver on the unknowing world.
In fingers of the wind
The night's debris is flung
Far out beyond
Rims of this unscarred day.
The freshness is not thinned.
But my heart is wrung dry,
Seeing, this once, thine own
Invincible loveliness.
Thou wilt not make one dawn
Less wonderful, one rose less blown,
Though armies turn away,
Though nations choose the dark.
This light falls softly on
The scorner's head, impervious
Sings thy lark.

The Cover: The Hermitage, President Andrew Jackson's Home, near Nashville, Tennessee
Photograph by Arthur Griffin, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Inc.
Frontispiece: Springtime Blossoms, Luoma Studios
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Congratulations on the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. We hope you were happy with the cover picture. We are naturally prejudiced, but we think it one of the finest you have ever had.

—Henry A. Smith
President
Central Atlantic
States Mission
Roanoke, Virginia

The four process coloring of the cover for the February *Magazine* is the most beautiful I ever saw, and I have watched the development of printing, engraving, and photography for eight decades. "Sunset on the James River, Virginia, showing the statue of Captain John Smith" gives an effect of strength and delicacy unsurpassed.

—Charles V. Worthington
Los Angeles, California

I enjoy the articles, lessons, stories, and poems in the *Magazine* very much. But there is one thing that I especially enjoy—the beautiful covers and frontispieces. I have noticed for several years that the one responsible for the cover designs is Evan Jensen. I would like to thank him for the beautiful work that is done on the covers.

—Lynn Benson
Salt Lake City, Utah

My husband and I are laboring here in Mississippi as missionaries and are enjoying our efforts very much. For Christmas my children sent me money, as they didn't know just what I needed. After wondering what I could do with it that would bring the most happiness, and also the most blessings to the greatest number of people, I have decided to use it to put our Church publications in the homes of the scattered members . . . of course I couldn't leave out *The Relief Society Magazine*, for the women here, as everywhere, need the help this *Magazine* gives toward making better mothers, keeping better homes, in fact, helping us to be more as our Father in heaven wants us to be. . . .

—Cora Shippen Anderson
Louisville, Mississippi

I like Mrs. Hill's prize poem (January 1959) very much. I must have read it six times to date. I have profound admiration for our Utah writers. There are a number of fine craftsmen among them.

—Grace Ingles Frost
Provo, Utah

Congratulations on the new covers on *The Relief Society Magazine*. I have been a reader of the *Magazine* since I was a little girl and then was interested only in the stories. Mother was an active worker in Relief Society. Now I read the *Magazine* from cover to cover. So much information for such a small time spent in reading!

—Goldie L. Stark
Pocatello, Idaho

In the five and a half years that I have been in the South, I have looked forward to receiving my *Relief Society Magazine*. My husband, who is Bishop of the Biloxi Ward, finds time to read the *Magazine* as soon as it arrives. It has always been his favorite. We are most grateful to all the wonderful women who devote so much of their time and effort to prepare the poems, stories, lessons, and instructions. The new covers for the *Magazine* are beautiful. I hope to save my copies and have them bound. I only wish that every woman in the mission field could have a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. We are too busy here to be homesick for dear old Utah, our home State, and *The Relief Society Magazine* helps us to meet old friends, not only in story and verse, but sometimes in pictures of members who are Singing Mothers, or who have appeared in programs and dramatizations.

—Violet B. Coletti
Gulfport, Mississippi

My present study of poetic technique is giving me a greater appreciation of the art and a deep respect for all who labor to create poems. I marvel at the skill of Lael W. Hill ("The Telling," January 1959), the depth of thought and feeling she can convey with such light, almost weightless, musical lines.

—Mrs. Iona Goold
Burley, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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VOL. 46 APRIL 1959 NO. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Messengers of Faith and Charity ..... Spencer W. Kimball 212
The East Central States Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 220
The Right Circles 244
Guard Your Family—Fight Cancer With a Checkup and a Check ..... Esther Allegretti 249
About Twilight ..... Amy Viau 264

FICTION — SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

Into the Hills ..... Helen Hooper 222
The Bishop's Wife ..... Sylvia Probst Young 228
The Day I Turned Eight ..... Ilene H. Kingsbury 250
Great-Grandmother's Notebook ..... Arlene D. Cloward 256
The Silver Leash — Chapter 4 ..... Beatrice R. Parsons 265

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 210
Sixty Years Ago 238
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 239
Editorial: "School Thy Feelings" ..... Louise W. Madsen 240
Notes to the Field: Brigham Young University on Campus Leadership Week 242
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 268
Birthday Congratulations 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Seven Months of Color ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 233
To a Friend ..... Marion Winterbottom 243
Recipes From the East Central States Mission ..... Marie Curtis Richards 246
Words ..... Grace Ingles Frost 248
You Can Sew — XIV — Children's Clothes — Infants and Toddlers ..... Jean R. Jennings 254
Rozella Dowdle Kingsford Makes Lace Tablecloths and Braided Rugs 260
"Easy Soap" Recipe ..... Vera C. Stratford 260
"Now You Know You're Living" ..... Mary Ek Knowles 261
Home Decorators ..... Joyce K. MacKabe 263
The Hole in the Fence ..... Dorothy Oakley Rea 278

POETRY

Above the Morning — Frontispiece ..... Margery S. Stewart 209
April Evening ..... Ida Elaine James 219
Nature's Prayer ..... Helen Hurr 227
Wild Primrose ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 237
Wake Me ..... Hazel Loomis 241
Song for Her Soul ..... Ruth H. Chadwick 243
Old Logging Road ..... Maude Rubin 245
Benediction ..... Thelma Ireland 249
My Love Is Young ..... Maixene Jennings 253
Grandma Reminisces ..... Elsie McKinnon Strachan 255
This Year's Spring ..... Vesta N. Lukei 263
Precious Token ..... Rowena Jensen Bills 274

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Messengers of Faith and Charity

Elder Spencer W. Kimball

Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address delivered at a Monument Park Stake Visiting Teachers Convention, September 16, 1958)

MY beloved sisters of the Relief Society, I think one of my first childhood experiences was an awareness or consciousness of the existence and the importance of the Relief Society. We left Salt Lake City when I was three years old. My mother had six children, and during much of the time that she went through five more pregnancies, five more births, she was president of the Relief Society—in a time when compassionate service had a little different meaning perhaps, than it does today — at least in its expression. We went to a new world where water was drawn out of open wells; where flies were so thick that you could not see out of the screen door in the evenings; and where typhoid ran rampant, summer complaint, and many other diseases were ever present; where medical skill was extremely limited; where there were no hospitals, no nurses, nor trained people, except the country doctor who had more than he could ever do.

I read in her journal not long ago such expressions as these: "I left the little ones with Ruth, or with Delbert, or with Gordon, and went to Sister Smith's home where the second twin just died, and where they had three others desperately ill with typhoid fever." "Today I spent the day with other sisters making burial clothes for the two children of Sister Jones," and on and on and on. That was my introduction to Relief Society, and I am sure that that kind of work is still going forward, for as I understand your work, it includes not only the spiritual and the moral, but also the physical well-being of the people.

Whenever I think of visiting teachers I think of ward teachers, also, and think that certainly your duties must be very much the same as the ward teachers, which briefly are ". . . to watch over the Church always," not twenty minutes a month—but always, "And be with them and strengthen them;" not a knock at the door, but to be *with* them, and *lift* them, and *strengthen* them, and *empower* them, and fortify them; "And see that there is no iniquity . . . neither hardness . . . backbiting, nor evil speaking" (D & C 20:53-54).

What an opportunity! Some like to talk critically about what is happening in the ward, the division of it, the reorganization of a bishopric, or of the Relief Society presidency, or any other of the numerous things done in the ward, which people might question and criticize. How glorious the privilege of two sisters to go into a home neutralizing the negative and the critical and building up the Authorities of the Church, the Church itself, its doctrines, its policies, its practices, "And see that the church meet together often . . . and . . . do their duty" (D & C 20:55).

There can be no force in this pro-

am as I see it. It must be a mat-r of encouragement and love. It is nazing how many people we can nvert and inspire with love "... to rn, expound, exhort, and teach, d invite unto Christ" (D & C :59), the Lord said in his revela-ns. This could be nonmembers well as members. The time may me when you will put more em-asis on bringing the nonmembers your meetings, but at least all of e members and the women of rt-member families.

o be successful, it seems to me, visiting teacher must have a high rpose and remember it constant-desiring to have great vision. She ould have enthusiasm which can-t be worn down; positive atti-des, of course, and a great love.

In the 42d Section of The Doc-ne and Covenants, the Lord said,

> And the Spirit shall be given unto you the prayer of faith; and if ye receive t the Spirit ye shall not teach (D & C :14).

I assume that your work is closely ied to that of the Priesthood. We d:

> . . . the elders, priests and teachers of is church shall teach the principles of y gospel, which are in the Bible and e Book of Mormon, in the which is e fulness of the gospel (D & C 42:12).

OU then will teach not mere ethics, but turn to the standard rks of the Church and bring to em the blessings which they may in need of by your inspiring mes-ges.

The teacher, of course, must be ing all she teaches. That goes ithout saying, though it is some-nes forgotten.

> And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom (D & C 88:77).
>
> And they shall observe the covenants and church articles to do them, and these shall be their teachings, as they shall be directed by the Spirit.
>
> And all this ye shall observe to do as I have commanded concerning your teaching, until the fulness of my scriptures is given (D & C 42:13, 15).

Don't let us be satisfied with mere visits, with just making friends. That, of course, has its place. With our missionary program, we have that constantly to fight, especially in Lamanite missions. A missionary gets it in his mind that he must have a great bridge and so he builds ten miles of approach to get over a quarter mile stream, and he is worn out by the time he gets to the bridge, and then he may not accomplish his objective. Friendship, of course, is important, but how better can one make a friend than to teach him everlasting principles of life and salvation?

Karl G. Maeser said, "I would rather trust my child to a serpent than to a teacher who does not believe in God." So, as expressed already, your testimony is a powerful medium. As we tell missionaries, nobody can answer your testimony, but there are many smart people just as clever as you are who know the scriptures just as well as you do, and who can argue, and probably outargue many of you. Many of these ministers spend all of their lives in studying the Bible, and they can rationalize and they know the scriptures, and they can find passages better than many of us, but not any one of them can ever meet your testimony. It leaves

them dumb. You do not always have to bear it in the most formal manner, there are so many approaches. Your testimony can have so many different expressions.

Charles Burnap said, "He then who would command among his fellows must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect." I would like to add another word to visiting teachers: to excel and to give leadership to the women whom they visit. They must excel in energy, and vision, and thoroughness, and testimony is unanswerable.

The 38th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, starting with the 23d verse, appealed to me as I glanced through it the other night:

> But, verily I say unto you, teach one another according to the office wherewith I have appointed you;
>
> And let every man [and I think we can say women, too] esteem his brother [sister] as himself, and practice virtue and holiness before me.
>
> And again I say unto you, let every man esteem his brother [sister] as himself.
>
> For what man among you having twelve sons, and is no respecter of them, and they serve him obediently, and he saith unto the one: Be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here; and to the other: Be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there—and looketh upon his sons and saith I am just?
>
> Behold, this I have given unto you as a parable, and it is even as I am. I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one ye are not mine (D & C 38:23-27).

THERE are many of your sisters living in this city who are living in rags, spiritual rags. They are entitled to gorgeous robes, spiritual robes, as in the parable. It is your privilege, not duty, but it is your privilege to go into those homes and exchange robes for rags. We talk about duty—"I have *got* to go and do my ward teaching." "I have *got* to go and do my visiting teacher's work." We have lost already the enthusiasm, the vision, and the objective when we say, "I have *got* to go this morning and do my visiting teaching." Rather it could be—"Today's the day I have been waiting for. I am happy to go into the homes of my sisters and lift them to new heights." You have a responsibility. You have been called, called of God through the properly constituted authorities. You must not *just* go to homes, you have blood on your skirts to clear.

It says in the 88th Section: ". . . purify your hearts, and cleanse your hands and your feet before me, that I may make you clean; That I may testify unto your Father, and your God, and my God, that you are clean from the blood of this wicked generation . . ." (D & C 88:74-75).

You cannot miss a home with impunity; you must not pass a sister up even though she is a little uncomplimentary, or not too happy for your visit. "Also, I give you a commandment that ye shall continue in prayer and fasting from this time forth" (D & C 88:76).

In Matthew, the 21st Chapter, we have a beautiful example. The Lord said:

> But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to day in my vineyard.
>
> He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented, and went.
>
> And he came to the second, and said

ewise. And he answered and said, I go, : and went not.

Whether of them twain did the will his father? They say unto him, The st. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say to you, That the publicans and the rlots go into the kingdom of God be- e you (Mt. 21:28-31).

Is that a bit harsh? It would be it came from any other than the rd's own voice. He or she who cepts a responsibility, and fails to ignify it, ignoring it — well, you ard what he said, didn't you? . . That the publicans and the rlots go into the kingdom of God fore you."

For you ward teachers or you visit- teachers to accept a responsi- ity of four, five, six, or seven mes, and leave the people in their ritual rags and tatters is without use; and when you go into the mes, there should be no "vain bblings" or "swelling words." You to save souls, and who can tell t that many of the fine, active ople in the Church today are ive because you were in their mes and gave them a new out- k, a new vision. You pulled back curtain. You extended their rizons. You gave them some- ng new to contemplate. Maybe y will never tell you about it in their lives, but you did the work d will be blessed.

OU see, you are not only saving these sisters, but they also in- ence their husbands and children. the sister is a little inactive or a le careless, quite likely she has a sband who is a little more so, d she has children who are only bbing" at the program, perhaps. ere are exceptions, of course, but they are just hitting at it a little bit here and there. They are not absorbed in the kingdom, so you have a great work to do.

It was Ezekiel who said something about if the parents ". . . have eaten sour grapes . . . the children's teeth are set on edge" (Ezekiel 18:2). That is what happens if you miss the mother and the mother misses the children. Their teeth are on edge because the mother is eating sour grapes, but if you can give her sweet grapes, if you can give her good food, if you can nourish her, if you can lift her, then, of course, her children have a chance.

There is the old story you have heard so many times of the questions asked the builders, and the first one when asked, "What are you doing here?" answered and said, "I am working eight hours a day. I am putting in time. I am earning my living this way." The second one said, "I am putting brick on brick, and I am building a structure here." The third, when he was asked, raised himself up to full stature and said, "I am building a *great cathedral*."

So it seems to me that visiting teachers who just *have* to go and do their teaching, who *have* to get in their reports, who *have* to answer to a call, who *have* to do anything, they are just time watchers, clock watchers. I guess there could be some of those clock watchers. Then there are those who have a little better vision, "Why, it is all right, and it is part of the work of the Lord and, therefore, I guess I should set aside my own interests and go." But I am sure, most of the sisters in this stake are building great cathedrals.

". . . He which soweth sparingly,"

said Paul, "shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully (II Cor. 9:6).

We do not get far by just saying words. We must put our hearts into the words, and we must plan, and prepare our minds. I wonder if there are any sisters who fast the morning they are going to do their monthly visiting teaching. I do not know that it is required. There are many things in the Church that are not required:

For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward (D & C 58:26).

ONE who goes just to visit homes, to knock on the doors, to pass the time of day, and then goes back and makes the report, is somewhat like the one whom Paul spoke of who was fighting, as "one that beateth the air" (I Cor. 9:26), not making any progress. She is like one whose wheels are spinning on the ice. We need to get out and put some gravel on the ice. We need to get some tires that have treads upon them, and then go forth and do our job as we should do it.

I suspect that in almost every district there are difficult situations, women who will not let you in. There may be women who do not want you to come in, but permit it.

There are women who wish you would leave before you do.

You remember the Savior had troubles like that, too.

And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem,

And sent messengers before his face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him.

And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem.

And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?

But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village (Luke 9:51-56).

At another time a man came to the Savior and said:

Lord, have mercy on my son: for he is lunatick, and sore vexed: for ofttimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water.

And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him.

Then Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him hither to me.

And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour.

Then came the disciples to Jesus apart and said, Why could not we cast him out?

And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting (Mt. 17:15-21).

When you have a woman who

ll not open her door, and you
ow she is in the house, one who
ens her door and does not want
one who admits you and wishes
u had not come, next month
uld it not be well to follow the
vice of the Lord, "Howbeit this
d goeth not out but by prayer
d fasting" (Mt. 17:21)?

You know the Lord has intangible
ethods and ways and means and
rces that can touch hearts. Re-
mber Alma? Alma was persecut-
g the Church one day, and the
xt day he was a great advocate of

Remember Paul? One day he
s arresting the saints and im-
soning them, and in a few days
was preaching the gospel in every
agogue with great power. What
s the difference? It was some in-
gible force that had been brought
bear on them by the Lord. He
ched their hearts. He did some-
ng else, too. We know what it
s, of course.

Now you say, "Well, that woman
n never be touched." Of course,
e can be touched. She *can* be
ught in. John Taylor said there
none who cannot be converted if
e right person makes the right ap-
oach at the right time in the right
y with the right spirit. He didn't
t all those *rights* in; I have added
em; but do not think that it is
possible.

O back to the first book in The
Book of Mormon and read it
ain. You remember when Nephi
d:

> . . . I will go and do the things which
> Lord hath commanded, for I know
> t the Lord giveth no commandments
> to the children of men, save he shall
> pare a way for them that they may
> accomplish the thing which he command-
> eth them (I Nephi 3:7).

The 17th Chapter, 3d verse, is practically a repetition of it:

> And thus we see that the command-
> ments of God must be fulfilled. And if
> it so be that the children of men keep
> the commandments of God he doth nour-
> ish them, and strengthen them, and pro-
> vide means whereby they can accomplish
> the thing which he has commanded
> them; wherefore, he did provide means for
> us while we did sojourn in the wilderness
> (I Nephi 17:3).

It can be done! We must eliminate entirely from our vocabulary the word *"can't."*

The Lord called you. Do you accept that, or do you think that your ward president called you? Now if only your ward president called you, then it may be that it can't be done, but if God called you through these proper channels, in the way you know you are called, then it follows surely that you cannot fail, if you do your full part.

It is easy to fail. It is easy to get discouraged. It is easy to quit. You remember how Nephi was confronted with an impossible situation and could not get the plates. His brothers could not. They were unable to buy them. They could not bribe them out of the hands of Laban. They could not force their way in, and their lives were hanging on a thread. In spite of all that, here comes one unarmed boy who walks into a city through a wall that could not be penetrated, into gates that could not be opened, into a garden that was impenetrable, into a vault that was locked, among soldiers who could not be by-passed, and he came out with his arms full of records to keep his posterity and others from

perishing in unbelief. He did what was humanly impossible. But nothing is impossible to the Lord. Anytime we have him on our side, when he has called us and given us a commandment, then, if our energy and our efforts and our planning and our prayers are equal to the size of the calling, the work, of course, will be successfully completed.

A monk is said to have built a tower sixty feet high and three feet wide. On a certain day he would climb up to the top of the tower and pray, and the words of his prayers were generally about like this: "O God, where art thou?" No answer. "Come, O God, where art thou?" No answer was heard. Finally, there came a voice which said: "I am down among the people."

We must be humble. Our wealth, our affluence, our liberties, all that we possess must never let us feel above anyone. We must always keep in mind a deep sincerity, a great humility, and a total dependence upon the Lord.

Most failures are made by those who have found that *good enough* satisfies them. There is the story of Antonio Stradivarius with which you are all familiar, I am sure. He died at ninety-three. When he was about seventy years old, he created the greatest violin that has ever been built. He had had some training before, but the vision came to him long, long after he had left all his teachers. He made many changes. He gave the violin a greater curvature in the middle ribs, the four corner blocks were made more massive. He lowered the height of the arch of the belly of it. He made the scroll more massive and prominent. He reached his perfection when he was about seventy.

WHEN Sister Kimball and I had our little girl studying violin we thought she might be a great violinist someday. We bought her a little violin. I think you would call it a "fiddle," because it cost us only fifteen dollars. As far as I could tell, it looked just like any other violin — like a Stradivarius, perhaps. It was a fifteen-dollar instrument, for her to start her work on. If she had become a great violinist, we would have purchased a better one for her. I inquired the other day down at one of our music stores, and they said that Stradivarius violins sometimes go up as high as two hundred thousand dollars.

I once knew a rather odd family and the father claimed to have a Stradivarius. They wouldn't all go to Church at any one time. Always, somebody had to stay home and watch the violin, it was considered so precious. Well, I tell you that each one of you can be a *fiddle*, or you can be a Stradivarius, when you go into the homes of the saints to teach them the gospel.

You remember that love is the greatest law. When the Lord was asked which were the two greatest laws, he said:

> . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
>
> And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself (Mt 22:37, 39).

He told us who our neighbors are. They are the people next door, the ones that are away; those who are on their journeys; those injured, the ill, the mean, the sinful. Everybody is our neighbor, and these

ople in these homes are our neighrs. If you go to fill assignments, t is one thing, but if you go to ing your neighbor to a full knowlge of the gospel, then that is aner story.

Persistence is often rewarded, ecially if it is attended with love d kindness. It is difficult to serve ere there is little appreciation; t often obstinacy gives way and eptiveness takes the place of retion. Even nature exemplifies s principle: A little moisture gets o the rocks and freezes and cracks rock wide open; a strong wind ves out the cliffs; a seed falls in rack in the stone and, waging a w, silent, but never-relaxing pres-e, finally splits the stone; a tiny e root under heavy pavement ally cracks and lifts the enormous ight.

You can succeed. Like the little e, the little root that can topple vall or split a rock, you can touch rts and break people away from ir improper moorings and bring m into spiritual activity. It can done!

Now, in conclusion, let me quote you one of my favorite little verses. I have quoted it many times. Maybe you have heard me quote it. It is by Henry Van Dyke:

Let me do my work from day to day
In the field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful, greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

(From "The Three Best Things"—1, Work, by Henry Van Dyke)

God bless you sisters in your glorious work, in your sweet personalities, in the extended influence you can pass to others, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

April Evening

Ida Elaine James

Why do I linger, still, in dark and mist
Through which I cannot see, and still I strain—
Is there a lilac left I have not kissed
And drunk its breath with April's subtle pain?
How can I leave the dogwood here, unsung,
In darkness through the poignant April night,
Unwind my arms from blossoms where they've clung
Bursting to give their hearts out, snowy-white.

The dogwood's little sisters, bridal-wreath,
Droop graciously to second place, in awe,
Mute to my listening heart that beats beneath
Their frail encircling arcs without a flaw.
With such pure beauty offered me, profuse,
Oh, April, let me stand without excuse.

The East Central States Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE East Central States Mission was organized in November 1928, under the direction of Elder Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve. The states of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Virginia were taken from the Southern States Mission, and West Virginia and part of Maryland from the Eastern States Mission, to form the new mission. Miles L. Jones of Ogden, Utah, was chosen as the first president. Headquarters of the mission was established in Louisville, Kentucky, where a commodious mission home was purchased.

The total Latter-day Saint membership of the new mission at the time of its organization, was 12,280, which included 2,060 children.

President Jones served as president of the East Central States Mission until June 1934, when he was succeeded by James M. Kirkham. President Kirkham was succeeded in June 1937 by William T. Tew; President Tew served until July 1940 when he was succeeded by James P. Jensen; President Jensen was succeeded in October 1943 by Graham Doxey; President Doxey served until November 1946, when he was succeeded by Thomas W. Richards; President Richards presided until May 1950, when he was succeeded by John B. Matheson; President Matheson was succeeded in

Courtesy Department of Public Relations
Frankfort, Kentucky
Submitted by Marie C. Richards

BIRTHPLACE CABIN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
In the Memorial Building, National Historical Park
Near Hodgenville, Kentucky

uoma Photos

LANDSCAPE NEAR ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA
Headquarters for the Monongahela National Forest
in the Allegheny Mountains

October 1953 by Cornelius Zappey; President Zappey presided until February 1955, when he was released on account of illness. He was succeeded by Melvin Ross Richards, who presides at the present time.

In 1947 the states of North Carolina, Virginia, and parts of West Virginia, were taken from the East Central States Mission and given to the Central Atlantic States mission.

Elder Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, made a tour of the East Central States Mission, in company with President M. Ross Richards, during May 1958. Chapels were dedicated in the McMinnville, Bristol, Knoxville, and Hopkinsville branches. At the conclusion of his tour, Elder Sill said: "I am delighted with the quality of the people who are being brought into the Church and the spirit that seems to be among them."

On December 31, 1958, there were 13,607 members of the Church in the East Central States Mission, located in forty-nine branches. During the year 1958, five hundred converts were baptized in the mission.

Fifty-three Relief Society organizations, with 1003 members, were reported in December 1958. Marie C. Richards presides over the East Central States Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this Magazine, "The Hermitage," home of President Andrew Jackson, near Nashville, Tennessee, is reproduced from a color transparency by Arthur Griffin, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Inc. See also "Recipes From the East Central States Mission," by Sister Richards, page 246.

Unto the Hills

Helen Hooper

"MAMA, Mama!" We came running into the kitchen wide-eyed and shocked, with petticoats and pigtails flying behind us. "Mama, Mrs. Haynes and Mrs. O'Hara just stoled our big white rooster!"

"What do you mean stoled?" asked Mama calmly, as she lifted the heavy sadiron from the shirt on the ironing board and set it back on the hot stove, then lifted the other one from the stove, tested it with a moistened forefinger, and went on ironing the shirt.

"We saw them, Mama. Mrs. O'Hara shooed him over the fence, and Mrs. Haynes caught him in her apron, and they both ran into Mrs. Haynes' house. I bet they're gonna eat him, too!"

Both of us were quivering with righteous indignation as we presented the facts of the case.

Mama carefully finished the shirt and placed the iron back on the stove.

"My goodness," she said thoughtfully. "That's too bad. Mr. O'Hara must be drinking again, and that rooster's as tough as sole leather. You go back out in the yard and pick out the fattest hen you can find. Catch it quick, and go knock on Mrs. Haynes' door and tell them I want them to have that one, too. One rooster isn't nearly enough to feed two families."

Blanche and I looked at each other a moment, then, giggling with delight, we ran to obey. I can still remember the faces of the two women when we handed them that chicken.

"Mama wants you to have this one, too," Blanche explained with strained solemnity.

"We never took your chicken!" said Mrs. Haynes, her face getting all red and splotchy.

"Never mind, Belle, there's no use gettin' all heated up," said Mrs. O'Hara. "Miz Whitehead just plain knows we need it, and that's why she sent this one, too." She turned to us. "Go on home and tell your ma thanks." She took the chicken, and, as she shut the door, we heard her continue, "She's a right good and understanding woman in spite of her being a Mormon."

This observation in no way surprised us. We had grown accustomed to the fact that we were different — a Mormon widow and her children living in a non-Mormon town.

Unlike most of the towns in Utah, Eureka had been settled by prospectors and miners who were interested only in the rich ore from its mountains. There were twenty-two business establishments on Main Street, and eighteen of them were saloons.

I NEVER will forget the day Father was killed. He was sheriff of Juab County and he'd been out with a posse to capture some bank robbers. It was washday and when I heard Leland yell. I ran out with Mama to meet the men on horses. We saw father lying limp across his saddle. Mama gasped and ran through the gate. She lifted his head in her arms. It took a whole minute for her to realize that he

was dead, then she turned and walked dazedly into the house. She went into her bedroom and shut the door. It was the next morning before she unlocked that door and came out. Her face was white and drawn, but she was quiet and composed. We never saw her cry at all.

The Relief Society sisters had been there most of the night and the washing was done and the house was in order.

All that day our house swarmed with people who came to pay their respect. Strange men, looking uncomfortable in celluloid collars, held their hats in their calloused hands and bowed to Mama, saying over and over that Jim Whitehead was a real gentleman, and the town would miss him.

After the funeral was over the next day, all of our relatives gathered together and agreed that we would have to go back to Provo with them. They reckoned, however, without Mama. When they had all finished talking and making arrangements for us, she told them sweetly, but firmly, that she had no intention of allowing either herself or her children to become a burden to anyone.

"It isn't a matter of choice, as I see it," said Grandfather. "You have no way of supporting eight young children. You'll have to accept help from the family."

"No," replied Mama. "I'll take in boarders."

"But, Julia!" Aunt Mary's voice was shocked. "You can't be seriously intending to rear your children among the riffraff of a mining town without Jim's help and protection! It was a dreadful mistake to come here in the first place."

Mama's back stiffened slightly. "Jim never made a mistake." Her voice was soft but firm. "As far as protection is concerned, I'm sure the Spirit of the Lord dwells in the mountains the same as in the valleys. We'll just have to put our trust in him."

Winter came early in October that year, before the rooms for the boarders were finished. It was then that I began to notice the silver streaks in Mama's hair, as I brushed it in the evenings while she read to us. I couldn't help but remember Aunt Mary's words. *Could we really manage without Father?* I tried to concentrate on *Les Miserables*, but all the time I could hear the wind rattling the windows, while the coyotes howled up in the hills, and the snow sifted thinly through the crack under the door.

ONE morning Lizzie Brady fainted in school. She told me afterwards that she hadn't had anything to eat for three days. I gave her most of my lunch and felt embarrassed when she ate ravenously. The lunch wasn't much. Our pantry and cellar were almost bare, too. When I went home from school that afternoon, I told Mama about Lizzie.

She clucked her tongue behind her teeth, and I could tell she was calculating just how much she could spare. "Mr. Brady's very ill, and Mrs. Brady's not strong yet from the birth of the twins, poor thing."

She lifted the cellar door, and I followed her down the stairs. She picked up a gunny sack, and we divided the remaining potatoes and onions and carrots. To this she added half of the last piece of salt pork and half of the small piece of

cheese. She scooped a pan of flour out of the bottom of the barrel and handed it to me to carry, along with a loaf of bread. She sent Leland to the coal shed with another gunny sack and told Howard to pick up all the wood he could carry. I saw her glance briefly at the small pile of coal left in the corner of the shed as we passed.

Mrs. Brady was wrapped in a shawl, and the children were shivering under thin quilts. While Mrs. Brady sat and wept, Mama built a fire. The children were so hungry they could scarcely wait until the food was cooked, begging to eat it raw.

Their faces were like Christmas when we left them gathered around the table and the steaming bowls of stew.

On the way home I looked at Mama stepping lightly and quickly through the snow and thought about Mr. Brady's parting words. She wasn't *really* one of God's angels, but I had a feeling that she knew him in a way I couldn't understand.

WHEN I brought up the last potatoes the following Saturday, I sat on the cellar stairs nibbling the white sprouts. *What if* we didn't get any more? *What would it be like to starve to death?*

That night we had finished saying family prayers, and Mama was tucking us in our beds, spreading newspapers between the quilts for greater warmth, when we heard a great stomping and snorting and then a pounding on the front door.

"My goodness," Mama said, "who can that be at this time of night?"

We all leaped out of bed and followed her to the door. She opened it up, and there stood Uncle Bill from down on the farm in Springville. His moustache and hair below his hat and ear muffs were white with frost, and his leather gloves were frozen stiff on his hands. He pounded them together as Mama pushed him into the kitchen and fanned up the embers in the stove and put in some more wood. Soon she had his feet in a tub of hot water and her warm shawl around his shoulders.

The boys had dressed and gone out to unharness the horses and put them in the shed. When they came in, Uncle Bill was warm and relaxed and able to talk. He told the boys to get the bale of hay out of the wagon, feed and water the horses, and be sure to put the blankets over them; then he reached for the teakettle and poured more hot water over his feet. He sat back, sighing with comfort.

"I don't know but I think that's the coldest ride I ever had, except the time we went out after Blackhawk and his braves." He smiled at Mama. "I don't want to hurry you, Julia, but I could sure appreciate something warm and satisfying in my stomach."

Mama stood perfectly still, while two big tears started down her cheeks. I swallowed hard and the tears started down my face in sympathy.

"Oh, Bill," she said, "I . . . I'm so sorry, I know you're hungry and I . . . haven't a thing in the house to give you to eat." By this time we were all sniffling.

"Why, Julia, I don't want you to fuss." Uncle Bill looked embarrassed. "Just a bowl of hot milktoast'll be fine."

Mama spread her hands emptily.

'You don't understand. I haven't nything. . . ."

Uncle Bill stood straight up in he tub. He was a big man, and at hat moment he seemed to tower bove us. His face became white, nd he almost thundered, "Julia, do ou mean to tell me that you aven't any food to eat?"

Mama could only nod.

Uncle Bill sat down again. He eemed limp, like a shirt with the tarch all gone out of it. "Well 'm beat," he muttered, "to think almost ignored it and didn't ome."

Mama took her handkerchief out f her pocket and blew her nose nd wiped her eyes, then she eached over and did mine.

Uncle Bill watched her a moment and then he said, "Julia, I reamed about you last night, and hen I woke up this morning it eemed as if you needed me. I told myself that dreams didn't mean a hing, but I couldn't seem to forget it. I told Mollie and she said naybe I'd better come on up and ee you."

He reached for the towel and egan drying his feet. "We butchred a hog last week, and she said should bring you some fresh pork, eadcheese, and sausage. The root ellar's still nearly full, and I figured f you were going to feed boarders ou could probably use some extra ood, so I tossed in a few bags of otatoes, carrots, onions, and parnips." Uncle Bill began to pull n his socks and shoes. "There're a ew squash, some apples, some new endered lard, butter, and cheese, ome of Mollie's chickens, and resh eggs and a smoked ham." He aused, shaking his head. "Julia, why didn't you write and tell us you needed help?"

Mama smiled tenderly. "I was afraid I was going to have to, but I kept asking the Lord and he told you."

Uncle Bill just looked at her for a long minute, then, as he started for the door, he said, "You always were mighty proud where other folks were concerned, Julia, but, I guess, if you're humble enough before God, that excuses it."

ONE night the following spring Mama and I were late coming home from choir practice. Thinking about Mama always makes me remember that night.

It was a reward for being good to accompany her to choir practice. I was nine years old then, and I loved to sit in the back of the meetinghouse, alone on the big bench, and listen to the singing. I can still feel those hymns in my very bones.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod . . . .

The sopranos climbed joyfully up the scale.

Thou hast led thy chosen Israel
To freedom's last abode.
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God.

That was my favorite song. It seemed as if it had been written for us.

We came out of the chapel and walked up the board sidewalk. I stepped eagerly, skipping over the cracks. We came to Sullivans' corner and turned off the sidewalk down the middle of the dirt road.

I made my way, balancing carefully in a narrow, wagon-wheel rut until we turned off into the alley by Dunn's.

Mama was humming softly, and I began humming with her. Suddenly her hand tightened on mine. I looked up and saw that she was watching something in front of us. It lowered its head and pawed the ground, and I realized that it was Mr. Redmond's yearling steer. I sidled closer to Mama, and she said, "Don't be frightened. He probably won't bother us at all."

"Can't we run back?" I asked, looking fearfully at the sheds lining the sides of the alley.

"No. I'm sure he could run faster than we could," she said. "I'll boost you up on the shed and don't you dare get down until I tell you." Quickly she put her hands under my arms. "Now jump."

I jumped and caught hold of the top of the shed. She pushed me again, and I was up on top. I steadied myself and then looked back just in time to see the steer charge forward head down, its horns spearing the moonlight.

Mama braced herself on her heels and lifted her hands, crouching slightly as I'd seen the cowboys do at the rodeo. Just as the steer reached her, he swung his head intending to lift her on his horns, but, instead, she seized them with her two hands and turned him quickly to the side, trying to throw him to the ground. His head was twisted up and back, close against Mama's breast, and I could see the whites of his eyes as they rolled round and round as he snorted.

"Please, Heavenly Father," I prayed, "make him fall down. Don't let him hurt Mama. Please make him fall down. Oh, please don't let him hurt Mama."

Mama's breath was coming in deep gasping sobs, and her arms were shaking from the terrible strain. Her hair had loosened from its pins and was falling forward over her face. I began to sob in terror that she was going to be killed, and then, all at once, it was finished. The steer's legs flipped out from under him and he fell heavily on his side.

Mama sank to her knees and fell forward on top of him. For a moment they lay there panting together, then he gave a great heave and staggered to his feet. Docilely he trotted off down the alley. I jumped down and ran to Mama, dropping beside her and lifting her head into my lap. Gently I stroked her tumbled hair back from her face and kissed her temple in the little hollow where it throbbed in and out. She opened her eyes and smiled to reassure me. She rested a little while longer, until her breathing was nearly back to normal, then she stood up. She took a deep breath and let it go in a long, trembling sigh, as she straightened her dress and pinned back her hair.

"Oh, Mama," I cried. "The Lord heard and answered my prayer."

"Yes, Nettie," she answered. "He did." Then she put her hands on each side of my face and looked into my eyes. "You must remember, child, the Lord gives us strength and he expects us to help ourselves, too."

She took my hand in hers and again we started home.

Confidently I walked beside her. Once again we began to sing, "*For the strength of the hills. . . .*"

sef Muench

SPRING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Mount San Gorgonio in Background

Nature's Prayer

Helen Hurr

Oh, human lips, be still awhile
And hear all nature pray.
The peaceful calm of twilight hour
Says more than words can say.

The silent whispers of its heart,
From orchard shadows rise,
The mighty praises of God's power,
No word can realize.

Oh, human heart, be humble here
Where nature sings his praise,
In peace and calm of twilight hour,
That tell of his kind ways.

The quiet stillness of this hour,
With sacred reverence,
Speaks softly of his tender love
And his great eminence.

The Bishop's Wife

Sylvia Probst Young

MARIAN, with a little smile of amusement, watched her husband eating breakfast across the table. Apparently unaware of anything around him, he masterfully managed the eggs and bacon without taking his eyes from the morning paper.

"Typical American husband," she observed, "without a paper in front of his face he couldn't enjoy the meal. Why, I could feed him burned toast and scorched bacon, and he wouldn't know the difference."

Abruptly the paper was lowered, and two warm blue eyes smiled across at her.

"I don't advise you try it, Mrs. C. Anyway, it's your fault for spoiling me these sixteen years."

"I really have, haven't I?"

Contentment, warm as the early morning sunlight stealing through her kitchen window, filled Marian's heart. She enjoyed the early breakfast with Don before the boys were up. It gave them a few minutes alone in the busy day, minutes of mutual understanding, whether for serious contemplation or even light banter as this morning.

"Guess I'd better go." Don rose from the table, his glass still in hand.

"Marian."

"Yes?"

"Will you be real busy today? I need to have a stencil cut. We've got to get a letter out about the budget. I've written it. There on my desk. And do you think you could go over to the church and run it off? We'll need about three hundred copies. I want to get it out tomorrow, and I can't do it tonight, it's stake Priesthood meeting.

"Oh, and will you call Dell and Willis, tell them I'll pick them up about 7:45? And, Marian, if you have time, there're a couple of letters of recommendation I should write, for Dean Clayton and Jack Sawyer. They want to become *Eagles*. You know, like the ones you've written before. They'll be coming for them, and I haven't had time."

He came to stand beside her a moment then.

"You're a honey." He planted a light kiss on the tip of her nose. "What would I do without you, Migs?"

Migs—the pet name brought a rush of tender memories. It had been a long time since he had called her that. He had invented the name back in those World-War days when she had married him, a slim, dark-haired Marine.

From the window she watched him getting into the car. His hair had slipped now, and was graying at the temples, and his figure had lost its boyish slimness. How often she had teased him lately about having just the right figure for a bishop.

But he was always quick to remind her that her own hair had a tint of gray, and that constantly she was fighting to keep her waistline.

How perfectly they understood each other. And how little the physical changes mattered when the depth of understanding and warmth of heart continued to grow.

MARIAN turned from the window. Life had been good to them. Temporally and spiritually, they had been greatly blessed. She gathered the dishes from the table and put them in the sink.

"What's for breakfast, Mom?"

Tousle-headed and sleepy-eyed, fifteen-year-old Dave stood tall and blond in the doorway.

Marian smiled at him. It seemed only yesterday that he was a mere toddler.

"Get the other boys up," she said, "I'll feed you all at once."

As she cooked pancakes, Marian wondered if she would ever be able to fill her boys up. Fifteen, twelve, ten, and seven -- they were all alike and yet so different.

"Mark, you and Tommy do the dishes," she announced. "I've got some work to do for Daddy, and Dave you'd better get going, Dad will be expecting you. Denny, you play around here, now, so we'll know where you are."

"Mama," it was Tommy calling from the den, "telephone."

"He usually gets home about six-thirty, but it's Priesthood meeting tonight," she answered into the mouthpiece. "No, I really couldn't tell you. Why don't you call about seven o'clock?"

Putting the phone back into its cradle, Marian noticed a book laid out upon the desk — *Home Memories of President McKay*. She remembered Don saying he had promised to lend it to old Brother Marlow.

I could take it to him this morning after I've finished the mimeographing, she thought.

At half-past ten, with Denny at her side so he wouldn't vex the other boys all morning, Marian was ready to go to the church to run off Don's stencil. The scout letters had been written, and she had called the counselors' wives about the Priesthood appointment.

Just as she she was ready to go, the Relief Society president called. Would Marian have the bishop call her tonight if he could?

"You're about as busy as he is," Marian concluded, after she had talked to Sister Franson a few minutes. "I'll have him call you for sure."

She made a note of it. Beside the memo pad was a thick envelope she hadn't noticed before. Mary Ann Parker's marriage license. Don had married her and the Hayden boy last week. It was ready to mail except for a stamp. She would stop at the post office.

With the letter and her other things, Marian went out of the house. It was a morning of summer loveliness — pink and gold, and gently fragrant with the perfume of blossoming honey locusts.

Mark and Tommy were working on a bicycle in the garage.

"I'll be back in time to get your lunch," she told them. "I'd like you to do your practicing while I'm gone."

"Do we have to?" Tommy protested.

"Well, thanks for taking Denny, anyway," Mark called as she drove out.

In the cool quiet of the bishop's office, Marian sat at the table a moment before getting to the mimeographing. Here, in the quiet of this office, Don, as the bishop, made decisions and gave advice that constantly affected human lives. It was a great and humbling responsi-

bility to serve the Lord in such a capacity.

Denny tugged at her arm. "Let's do the letters, Mama."

He was intrigued as the printed sheets slid so quickly from under the roller. In a few minutes they had finished and were out again in the bright sunlight.

OLD Brother Marlow lived about a mile from town. His house, of stately gingerbread construction, the color of overcooked tomato soup, stood behind a row of tall Lombardy poplars, cool and reminiscent of a past generation.

Brother Marlow was working in his petunia bed. He was a round, jolly little man, who, Denny declared, looked like Santa Claus.

It pleased him when Marian wanted to know about his flowers. He took her from plant to plant explaining. Especially he was proud of his roses—hybrids, a dozen or more—he knew the name of every one.

"I'll set you out some slips, Sister Crandall," he promised. Then he begged her to sit on his old porch, and he talked about his wife and the yesteryears. His great appreciation for the book and the homemade gingerbread that she brought made her realize anew how much personal satisfaction can be derived from the smallest act of kindness.

The boys were clamoring for lunch when she got home, so it wasn't until later that she found the note by the telephone in Tommy's round, boyish scrawl. "Mama call IN 7-8926."

Carefully she dialed the number, not remembering whose it was until she heard the voice on the other end.

"Allie," she cried, "how nice. It's been ages since I've heard from you."

"Marian, I've got the nicest surprise. I just got an airmail letter from the Bronsons. Howard has some sort of a business convention here in town on Saturday. They have to go again on Sunday, but Audrey would like us all to get together on Saturday night. Marian, I thought we could go to that new place up Pine Creek — Silver Lake Lodge. Do you know it's been ten years since we've seen Audrey?"

Audrey — the name brought back memories of a summer at a Marine base in South Carolina, before the war ended. Audrey and Howard Bronson, Allie and Raymond Chesley, Don and she — the six of them had lived at Parris Island. The boys had served together in the same battery in the Pacific, and although the girls hadn't known each other until that summer, it hadn't taken long for them to become close friends.

After the war, the Bronsons had gone back to the East Coast. Allie and Raymond lived only fifteen miles away, but Marian and Don hadn't gone out with them for more than a year.

"Saturday night — that sounds wonderful," Marian told her friend. "Don doesn't have a thing that night, I'm sure. It'll be like old times, Allie."

"Marian, could you and Don meet here at our place about seven so we won't be too late? It takes about half an hour to drive up there."

"We'll be there," Marian promised. "I'll have Don leave the store early. I know he'll be as anxious to see you all as I am."

MARIAN was right in her predictions, Don was enthusiastic about the Saturday night plans. He was home from the store at five o'clock that night and helped Marian with a patio supper for the boys. Relaxing with the newspaper before getting ready, they recalled old times.

"Remember the time we went to Jacksonville in Howard's old car?"

"Do I!"

"I always thought we had fun at the beach in Savannah, though. Remember how Dave loved the water. He'd have walked right into the ocean if we hadn't held on to him every minute."

"Speaking of Dave, remember how our landlord spanked him for spilling the watermelon seeds?"

Don laughed. "Boy, wasn't I mad! I was ready to spank the old man."

"Dave was practically a baby — say, we'd better get going."

Marian followed Don into their bedroom. "What shall I wear?" he asked. "I really haven't much choice."

"But I like you in anything."

"That's comforting."

"How about that blue dress? I think you look real cute in it."

"Okay. The blue it will be."

They were almost ready, Marian was just helping Don with his cufflinks, when the phone rang.

"Wonder who that is?"

"Probably someone for the kids."

"Dad," Dave called from the den, "telephone."

"Know who it was, Dave?" Marian asked, following Don into the den.

"I don't know, Mom. It was a woman's voice, sounded real worried."

Marian looked at Don listening at the phone. His face looked grave.

"I surely will," she heard him say, "I'll come right away."

"What is it?" she asked, when he turned from the phone. "Don, where are you going?"

"Marian," he turned from the phone, "Ronnie Decker was hit by an automobile. Thrown from his bike. They don't know just how badly he was hurt. Sister Decker would like me to come to the hospital to administer to him."

"Don, can't you send someone else? Dell and Willis could go."

He shook his head. "It's my duty to go, Marian. She asked for me. Look, honey, you call Allie and tell her we'll be a little late, but I should be back from the hospital in half an hour. Tell them to go on and we'll come soon as we can."

He cupped his hand under her chin, reading the dark disappointment in her eyes.

"I'm the bishop, honey," he reminded her gently. "Sister Decker and Ronnie are members of my ward. I'll go get Dell, and I'll be back soon as I can."

She watched him go and then turned back to the phone to call Allie. The voice that answered was as filled with disappointment as her own.

"We'll wait for you," Allie said.

"No, you mustn't do that. We'll come just as soon as Don gets back. He shouldn't be too long."

An hour later the phone rang. It was Don calling from the hospital.

"Marian, the doctors are still working with Ronnie. You don't know how sorry I am, honey, I

wanted to see the Bronsons, too. But we just couldn't leave. See you soon as I can."

The boys were in the basement playing Ping-pong and watching television. Marian changed into a robe and went out on the patio to wait. A full moon was peeking above Mt. Olympus, and a gentle breeze stirred the locusts. Silly to nurse a disappointment on such a beautiful night. She turned her thoughts to the vacation they were planning.

When Don finally came, she met him with a smile.

He put his arms around her. Without saying a word, he knew that she understood his appreciation for her.

"Ronnie's going to be all right," he said. "But he was badly battered up, several broken ribs, and his right leg really smashed. He looked so white and little when they brought him into the room."

"Well, he's only about eight, isn't he?"

"That's right. But do you know what he said after we had administered to him? He said, 'Thanks, Bishop, I know the Lord is with you.'

"It made me feel so good, Marian. Sister Decker was so appreciative, and her husband — we had quite a talk. I really believe he was impressed."

"He very well might have been, Don," she answered.

THE next morning Marian learned how right their impression concerning Mr. Decker had been. It was how right their impression concerning Mr. Decker had been. It was still early when the phone rang.

"Sister Crandall, this is Jean Decker," she heard the voice on the other end saying. "I want to tell you how much we appreciated having the bishop and Brother Walker administer to Ronnie last night. I know the Lord was with them.

"And, Sister Crandall, you don't know what an impression they made on my husband. He's always been so disinterested in the Church. He never would come to meetings or anything. But last night he told me that he had no idea that a Mormon bishop was so devoted to his members. 'Maybe your church is worth investigating,' he said."

There was a catch in her voice, "You don't know how much that means to me. I want to thank you so much for the sacrifices you make, too. It must be hard to have your husband gone so much, but I'll bet you're really proud to be the bishop's wife."

Marian felt a sudden wave of love and gratitude fill her heart. Whatever sacrifices she made were doubly compensated by the rich blessings she enjoyed, she had always known that.

"Oh, yes," she answered humbly, "I'm very proud to be the bishop's wife."

Seven Months of Color

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Ward Linton

EASTER LILIES

GARDEN plans and flower arrangements are composed with the same basic principles —contrast of size, height, and shape with harmony and unification, proper use of color and tones with balance for good composition.

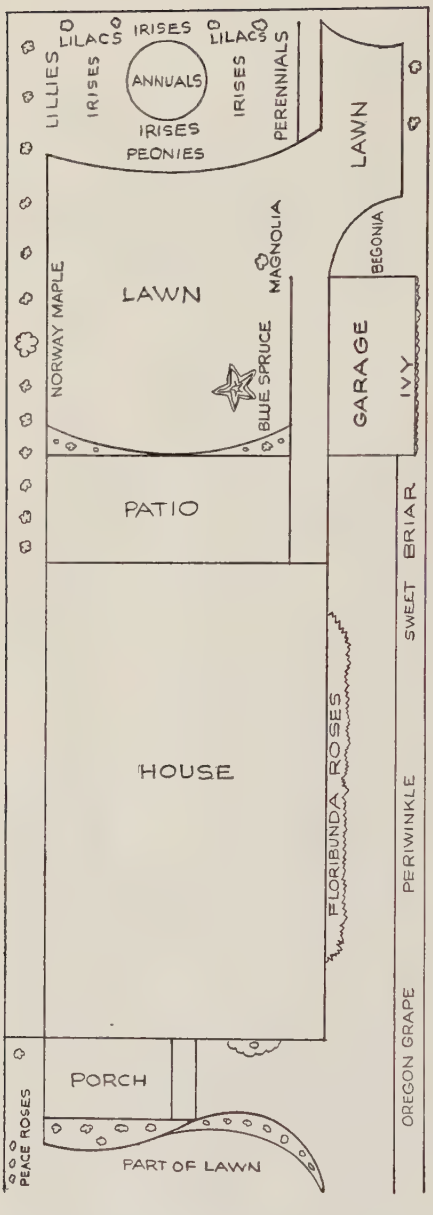
Color means many things to many people. You can get interesting effects with foliage alone or with brilliant blooms. There are thousands of plants in the world and it is fun to try everything you see, but effective gardens are created by planting a choice few. Often the simplest designs are the most attractive. Old favorite plants have been so improved upon that one can get a variety of stunning designs by different combinations of the same plant, for example, the old standby marigolds or zinnias.

In landscaping a city lot the same principles hold true for the whole as for individual garden plots. A sample landscape is on a long, narrow lot (42′ x 132′) with a south front. Walking up the driveway (not shown on the diagram) on your right is a raised curb and three feet of land. This plot is set in narcissi.

Since my purpose from end to end of my land-picture is to have continuous bloom, abundance of cutting flowers, and minimum labor, I learned which bulbs would survive the summer irrigating of plants sharing the same area with them. The King Alfred daffodils have to be replaced almost annually, but the "paper-whites," "golden dwarfs," and "Cheerfulness" live on prolifically year after year.

In the spring planting period, I divide my clumps of azalea chrysanthemums and replant them between the blooming bulbs. As the narcissi ripen and die back, the chrysanthemums grow and spread into graceful domes of deep green foliage hiding the blades, then burst into gorgeous bronze flowers in July and bloom on until snowfall.

Facing the house, let us consider the foundation planting. The house is purple fire brick with a brick porch with brick corner pillars making an "L" with the front wall. At the right of the porch in the house wall is a seven-foot picture window. Under the window the cement walk is cut away leaving a small semicircular garden spot. The front walk also curves around the lawn to the driveway. On the far



left, bordering the lawn, is a hedge of Peace roses. A curb also marks this property line and continues west of the porch and angles to the house. In the plot made by the right angle stands a juniper (pfitzer) chosen because it tolerates shade, grows large and rapidly, and so soon screened off the unsightly area between the houses.

IN front of the porch I marked a garden plot which forms a lazy "S" with the curve in the cement walk, then followed it with parallel curves ending at the driveway. In this area are the foundation evergreens — in front of each pillar an upright, golden arborvitae. Between these, well-centered, is a deep green ball arborvitae, and filling the area on either side are two spreading arborvitae (Armstrong). Two other upright, golden arborvitae follow the swerve of the pathway and the earth between hides under spreading junipers known as "tams."

Against the wall of the porch we attached a wire framework of nonrusting fencing for support for purple clematis vines. Between the vines and the evergreens we spaced two broad-leafed evergreen shrubs (Euonymus), because they fan out well, grow rapidly, bear beautiful glossy green broad leaves the year around, screen the wire from sight, and yield filtered shade from the fierce midday sun which might tax the strength of the slender vine stems.

Another lovely fan of Euonymus drapes the wall under the high-set picture window and the curve beneath it is a wonderful place in which to show off the flamboyant "Emperor Red" tulips or the even larger "Gloria." All across the front of the house and porch, in the open spaces between shrubs, are azalea chrysanthemum roots ready to add their bronze domes to the picture as the summer progresses, covering

Ward Linton

PINKS

the unsightly dwindling blades of the tulips. Also there was room for two tall-growing pink floribunda rosebushes strategically placed to fill in color between the height of the purple effusion of the clematis and the low-arching bronze of chrysanthemums.

Walking past the house down the driveway, you notice that privacy is maintained by an upright golden arborvitae set even with the house-line. The area between the driveway and the neighbor's house is five feet, green all year with periwinkle (myrtle), and dotted with blue and white blossoms in May. A curved recess in the cement driveway permits a hedge of floribunda roses (set from slips) along the east foundation of the house. There is room for a border of "Emperor Red" tulips and chrysanthemums planted against the wall behind and between the roses which carry the bronze and pink theme along the house from tulip time to autumn.

The garage is set back eleven feet from the house. On the right, the myrtle garden gives way to a raised plot of perennial phlox shaded by Austrian copper sweetbriers and backed by maroon and purple clematis vines climbing the link fence. On the left, connected with the house, is a long patio (11′ x 28′) with an aluminum roof, white, to match the woodwork on the house.

SINCE the lines of the house, garage, and patio are all straight and a curve lends itself to easier artistry, I broke up the straightness by cutting arcs in the lawn and planting native junipers in the triangles thus created, covering the exposed earth with spreading junipers, Armstrongs, and "tams." The four-foot garden west of the patio is planted with shrubs, an English yew which thrives on shade, American Beauty June roses, and climbers. In spring, numerous tulips of the great Darwin type come up between

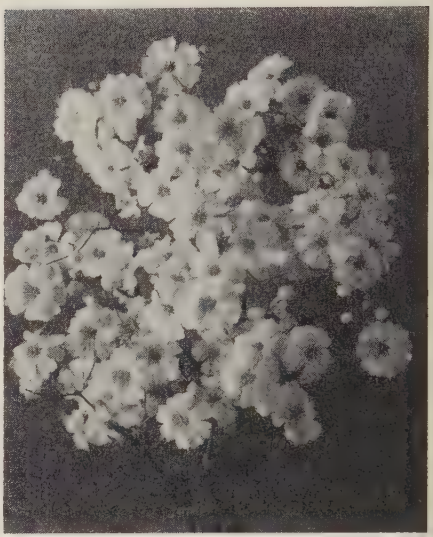
Ward Linton

NASTURTIUMS

the Boston ivy leaves, grow to a height from eighteen inches to thirty-two inches and spread a riot of color abroad, then creep back under the ivy leaves during the summer. The roses follow the west fence line all down the lot. We chose a link fence to get a feeling of spaciousness blending the gardens of the neighborhood and achieved privacy by planting taller shrubs, lilacs, forsythia, and altheas where necessary. The dense green of hydrangeas fills in the shady places.

Behind the garage we described another arc in the lawn, built a slatted redwood canopy to filter the high noon sun, and specially prepared the soil for the begonia bed with a backdrop of vetch ivy on the garage wall. On the left, is a perennial garden of irises, lilies, and peonies partially shaded by two flowering crab trees — a Hopi with its single, deep-rose blossoms and jewel-like fruits, and the Betchel, with its clusters of appleblossoms — pink

Ward Linton
SNOW FLURRY IRIS



Don Knight
VIRGINIA STOCK

double flowers. There is still room for a small rectangle of perennials on the east end balancing with the lilies on the west.

All the borders and vacant spots between large perennials are carpeted with Ballerina petunias as my color-scheme for the rear garden is set by the phlox in their luscious pastel tones. A row of phlox between the peony rows holds tall bushy racemes of gorgeous rose, purple, salmon, and maroon florets above the midsummer foliage of the peonies.

All over the garden are naturalized clumps of hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils that spring up early and scatter generous cups of sunshine for March and April pick-ups that last well into May, then die down modestly under the summer foliage and abundant petunia blooms.

SHADE for the back lawn is provided by a Norway maple tree which was a wind-blown seedling

seventeen years ago, and an interesting element of what's-around-the-corner surprise is achieved by a magnolia shrub which arches out gracefully to filter the afternoon sunshine before it reaches the begonias. Its heavy rose-washed white, tulip-like blossoms are exotic in season, and its glossy leaves are a full season's delight.

The iris bed is a series of circles of patented varieties surrounding a circular raised garden in the center between the crabtrees. They, with the peonies, provide an abundance of cutting bloom when we need it most for Decoration Day, weddings, and graduations, and their simple foliage makes a fine carpeting beneath stands of planters filled with summer bloom.

Between and among the background shrubs and lilacs, grow more and taller, fall-blooming chrysanthemums. These tolerate shade well and add to the green tones of the backdrop until autumn when they flame out in reds, bronzes, and golden tones upon the changing scene.

In all shaded areas where flowers are impractical, Boston and English ivy trail their beautifully cut, broad leaves under the shrubs, hiding earthy spots and tying everything together with their restful, pleasing greenness.

A garden is a personal thing. What best suits your home will be determined by the architecture and by what you like, because people are seldom comfortable in uncongenial surroundings. These rules are general: plan as a unit, vary the individual parts, keep a color scheme, buy well, keep designs simple, and keep gardens well-groomed. Buy perennials, especially peonies, by catalogue name, and choose only high-grade varieties. Never plant inferior plants just because they are cheap. Fewer and better specimens will yield more quickly and with lasting returns. If you cannot landscape a whole lot at once, buy a few plants each year, keeping the whole plan in mind and placing plants where they will be unified in the same growth cycle. Let your garden rate high in enjoyment and livability without sacrificing either utility or beauty.

Wild Primrose

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Over furrowed fields beyond the town,
Sleeping under snowflake down,
The primrose wakes when winter wanes,
And alone a queenly flower reigns.

When sunset leaves a silver loom,
To weave the light through hillside aisles,
The evening primrose sends perfume,
Across the land of prairie wilds.

To the infinite design attuned,
Wielding beauty's unseen scepter,
A small, white flower tells of peace,
And of earth the true inheritor.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1899

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

MARCH 17th CELEBRATION IN PAROWAN: I wonder if there are any who care to read of the unpretentious ward of Parowan, or rather the Relief Society in this ward? . . . At two P.M. we had a program meeting, the time being occupied by a number of the elderly sisters speaking on the object of the Relief Society. . . . some very appropriate recitations by the younger sisters with some well chosen songs and sentiments, making those present feel like saying, "It is good to be here." In the evening the organization gave a ball, the members of the society contributing a dainty lunch. . . . Many of our members are young mothers whose first duty is to guard and guide the precious jewels an indulgent Parent has entrusted to them. . . . there is a certain magical link that seems to chain us together so that whenever we aim for anything in righteousness we are sure to gain it. . . .

—E. Crane Watson

FREEDOM: The very air we breathe is redolent of freedom. For this precious gift let us offer a tribute of praise from the altar of our hearts to the God of liberty. We can scarcely be too ardent in our enthusiasm concerning this goodly land, these beautiful vales in the desert where a band of weary Pilgrims found rest and peace after a long and toilsome journey across the bleak and desolate plains, having been wanderers like the children of Israel for an indefinite period because of their religious faith . . . and finally made their resting place by America's Great Dead Sea. . . .

—Emmeline B. Wells

YOUR CHILDREN

Teach them your children round the hearth
When evening fires burn clear;
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer.
So shall each unforgotten word
When far their loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred
To childhood's holy home. . . .

—Selected

DR. ELLIS R. SHIPP'S GRADUATES: Sister Ellis R. Shipp is an M.D. and graduated from Philadelphia . . . the whole class, eight in number, passed the written examinations before the State Medical Board of Utah. They all averaged 80 per cent, and two of the students, Mrs. Emily G. Cluff and Miss Olea Shipp, were specifically mentioned as coming through with flying colors, these two getting ninety-five per cent. . . . Dr. Shipp cannot receive too much eulogy for the good work she is doing. . . . The students are scattered all through the country and do much good in the communities where they reside, in alleviating suffering, and what is better, instructing their patients how to prevent it. . . . Our successes have only caused us to feel more humble and thankful to our Heavenly Father, for we realize that he has given us the ability to understand and opened the way for us to devote our time to this gloriously interesting study. . . .

—Emily G. Cluff

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, left Salt Lake City, February 27th, for London to study the programs of the Women's Voluntary Service Organizations of England. Announcement of the trip came from President David O. McKay of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Spafford was invited to study these organizations by Dowager Marchioness of Reading, G.B.E. (Dame Grand Commander of the Order of the British Empire) and C.S.T. (of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem). Lady Reading is also a member of the House of Lords in the British Parliament.

MRS. MARY G. ROEBLING has recently been elected to the board of governors of the American Stock Exchange. This is the first time a woman has been a member of a governing body of a United States securities market.

MRS. Eva Willes Wangsgaard, well-known poet, and frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has a new volume of poems, her fifth, just off the Wings Press. In this book, *Shape of Earth*, are poems of nature and of the human heart. Many have a deep religious feeling. The poems show delicacy, imagination, strength, and imagery.

MISS Verla Birrell, assistant professor of art, University of Utah, is the author of *The Textile Arts*, published in January by Harper and Brothers. The volume is designed as a text, a reference book for anthropological, archaeological, or historical research, or for studies in home economics or art. It will be equally useful as a guide to those interested in weaving, braiding, fabric design, fabric dyeing, and printing. Miss Birrell, a Latter-day Saint, has published poems and has received citations for her paintings.

MRS. MARY FRANCES MOSES recently died at the age of 100 years. She was the first woman appointed to a United States civil service position, a Treasury Department clerk at $900 a year — in 1883, six months after President Chester Arthur signed the Civil Service Act.

ELEANOR STOKER BOLL, sociologist, in collaboration with James H. S. Bossard, discusses interfaith marriages in the new book *Why Marriages Go Wrong* (Ronald Press, New York). The authors conclude that marriages involving people of different faiths are several times as likely to end in divorce as marriages between people of identical faiths.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 46 APRIL 1959 NO. 4

"School Thy Feelings"

School thy feelings, oh my brother;
Train thy warm impulsive soul;
Do not its emotions smother,
But let wisdom's voice control.
—Charles W. Penrose

"SCHOOL thy feelings" is the poet's gentle way of encouraging self-discipline. Discipline is not a severe word, yet it has been so frequently used in connection with punishment that to some people it has no other meaning than punishment. In reality, discipline is training that develops self-control, and indicates some submission to authority. In fact, the word discipline comes from the same root word as disciple. "Disciple" brings to mind the followers of Christ. It follows, then, that one might think of discipline as training to be a follower of the teachings of the Savior.

"Life is a gift of God and therefore divine. The proper use of this divinity impels men to become the master, not the slave, of nature" (President David O. McKay).

When God granted to his children the glorious privilege of the right to choose, he did not leave them without help in choosing the right. He gave to each of them a spark of divinity. Brigham Young tells us that the will of man is the divinity God placed in his intelligent creatures. In another discourse he said:

I have frequently said that the greatest endowment God ever gave to man is good, sound, solid sense to know how to govern ourselves. . . . Let every person be determined, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to overcome every besetment —to be the master of himself, that the Spirit God has put in your tabernacle shall rule . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 265-266, 1941 Edition).

The power of self-denial and the resultant self-mastery are guiding principles in character building. Some of the ordinary aspects of living, if carried to an excess, can be forces of evil. For example, a healthy appetite can be a physical benefit; but if this appetite becomes overindulgence in food the body suffers, and greed, an evil characteristic, may result. So it is with other instincts and passions; carried to an excess they may degrade instead of uplift. Christ "taught, and modern physiology and psychology confirm, that hate and jealousy, and other evil passions, destroy a man's physical vigor and efficiency" (President David O. Mckay, *Pathways to Happiness*, page 62).

The abundant life, the life that leads to joy everlasting, is characterized by victory over self, and the acquisition of spirituality.

All of the prophets have cautioned the people in matters of self-restraint. Some have taught that uncontrolled anger can so cloud the mind that

one is led to do and say many things that later cause regret. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught the early Relief Society sisters to be very tolerant of the faults of others, but extremely intolerant of their own shortcomings. He was concerned with the evil that can result from gossip and counseled them to control their tongues and not to spread unhappiness. He showed them the beauty of meekness of spirit, of humility, and of acting with loving kindness. The spirit of their homes, the happiness of their husbands and children, were of such importance as to require unselfish thoughtfulness of them, he taught.

No one can teach others self-discipline unless he has achieved it himself. In no other relationship with others is the necessity of being exemplary so important. In his *Letters and Social Aims,* Emerson suggested: "Do not say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary." In no other instance is the effort to teach "Do as I say, not as I do" so unavailing.

Our leaders teach that discipline is not a rod. President Brigham Young said that the use of the wooden rod could drive children away from their parents. "Where there is severity there is no affection of filial feelings." Love and understanding are the tools of disciplinary action.

Parents must recognize that children will show some irritation at restraint. No doubt the parents have felt it themselves and should handle the situation with sympathy. Children welcome fair limitations of acceptable behavior, and profit by knowing what they may and should do. Firmness, not vacillation, provides the right teaching. Lovingly, kindly, but firmly, children must be taught obedience. "There can be no true happiness in the home without obedience—obedience obtained, not through physical force, but through the divine element of love" (President McKay). When one has learned to be obedient he has learned an important aspect of self-control.

Self-control leads to a more reverent living of the gospel; a real spirituality. Self-discipline lends strength and wisdom to leadership. Self-restraint aids in avoiding evil. All of them are parts of righteous living.

—L. W. M.

Wake Me

Hazel Loomis

Linger, lilacs, linger,
Just a little longer.
While I breathe the fragrance
On the midnight air.
But if you go, oh, lilacs,
Go, while I am sleeping,
Then wake me gently, lilacs,
With a blossom in my hair.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Brigham Young University on Campus Leadership Week

June 6-10, 1959

JUNE 6-10 of 1959 the doors of Brigham Young University will again open to the guests of the outstanding Leadership Week on the Provo Campus. Each year the Relief Society members have found the events of Leadership Week most interesting, enjoyable, and of great help in their year's program. The General Board would like to direct the attention of the members of the Relief Society to the following events which, along with many others, will be of great value to Relief Society women:

Relief Society Theology Lessons—"The Doctrine and Covenants"
Relief Society Social Science Lessons—"Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age"
Relief Society Literature Lessons—"America's Literature"
Demonstrations on Food Preparation: The Bread Basket, Food with a Foreign Accent, Dress up Your Vegetables, Food Becomes You
Food Storage
Food for Large Groups
Bazaar Helps
Handicrafts and Work Day Helps
Planning the Home Grounds for Better Living
First Aid for the Home and Home Nursing
Record Keeping in the Home
Planning for Social Recreation
Teaching Adults
Family Hour Activities
Arts and Crafts for Teachers of Adults
Construction of Teaching Aids
Storytelling and Dramatization
Youth and Parents Share in Looking Ahead to Marriage
Fashion Trends
Bargains and Buys
It's the Fit That Counts
Stretching the Wardrobe
How to Conduct Our Hymns
Materials and Methods for Church Choirs
Organ Instruction
Writing for the Church
Book Bait for the Family
Every Home Should Have Three—Buy Wisely
Ward Librarians' Workshop
Chemistry, Electricity, Physics in the Home
Fashion Shows

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons for the coming year, will teach the course on the Doctrine and Covenants; Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the Relief Society literature lessons, will teach the classes in America's Literature; and Elder Blaine M. Porter, author of the social

science lessons, will teach the course in Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age. Many outstanding lectures and demonstrations on family life, in addition to the above list, will be given. Each day a devotional assembly will be held with excellent keynote speakers, and evening entertainments will climax each day.

Detailed programs and registration cards may be obtained by writing to or calling at the Brigham Young University Adult Education and Extension Services in Provo, Utah.

The information and teachings given at Leadership Week do not substitute for the official Relief Society instructions, but the material is beneficial as it supplements and enhances understanding.

Song for Her Soul

Ruth H. Chadwick

I heard her singing, sitting there alone—
The words I knew by heart, and yet before
I saw her face or stepped inside her door,
I felt a newborn grandeur in her tone.

She had not heard my footsteps as I came,
And so I watched and listened to her song.
Her fragile body, braced to make it strong,
Bent forward now above her quilting frame.

Her bony fingers shook; her shoulders twitched.
Then, gripping fast the frame, she forced her chair
On wheels to move along the side, to where
Another pattern waited to be stitched.

And all the while, she sang without a break
In melody or words, first soft and sweet,
Then full and strong, and with each new repeat
She sewed fresh courage there for her own sake.

Her pain was eased by the tune she loved so well;
The words, her testimony, "All is well!"

To a Friend

Marion Winterbottom

THE haunting melody of a lute was casting its spell over me as I watched the lonely river winding its way out to the sea. Then, suddenly, a jubilant symphony seemed to fill the land. The entire world seemed beautiful as I clasped your outstretched hand; as we walked together the muddy river turned to dusky jade; the dark clouds vanished from my sight, and I no longer was afraid. I knew that this perfect harmony would never come to an end, because from that day until forever I had you for a friend.

The Right Circles

Swing the corner like swinging on a gate—
Now your own if you're not too late;
Ring up four with all your might,
All join in and circle right.

GAILY the dancers circle and swing to the beat of the band and the command of the caller . . . every happy heart in tune.

What wholesome harmony; what wonderful fun . . . when everybody's in step and in tune, and when your partners in the dance are clean, healthy, wholesome people like yourself.

And so it is in real life, too. The circle is gay or dull, good or bad, as we find, or fail to find, the right partners and heed, or ignore, the command of the "caller."

Life is a series of circles, beginning with the family circle. For this happy circle, when love and faith abide in the home, we give thanks to kind and wise parents. Working, playing, and praying together, the happy family moves from round to round in perfect rhythm.

Next we widen our circles to include an ever-growing number of casual or close associates: chums of our youth, neighbors, schoolmates, club, social, business, and Church friends. Out of these circles come eventually our more enduring friendships, our lovers and sweethearts, and the permanent partners we will choose to help us start new family circles of our own.

These permanent circles of association and affection will become for us, if we choose them wisely and keep in time and tune, the *right circles*. In them we will find true harmony and happiness.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Old Logging Road

Maude Rubin

Across this sun-baked hillock,
Along this rutted road,
Once a lunging bullock
Sweated and pulled his load. . . .
Straight logs to build a cabin,
A roof to shelter love,
Walls against winter's chilling,
A hearth-fire warm as clove.

Left scattered in wide defiance,
Among these quiet stones,
Were seeds of those needled giants,
Sleeping in resiny cones.
They woke to forgiving greenness,
Thickets of youngling trees,
Children of fir and hemlocks,
Where time and a rain-wet breeze
Unsealed each varnished pod—
Then left the rest to God. . . .

Recipes From the East Central States Mission

Submitted by Marie Curtis Richards

Alabama Pecan Pie
(Popular in Tennessee and Mississippi)

Martha Joe Garrett, Memphis, Tennessee

½ c. sugar
4 tbsp. corn meal
2 eggs
2 tbsp. melted butter
1 c. dark syrup
1 c. pecans

Line nine-inch pie pan with pastry and set aside. Measure and stir sugar and corn meal together in mixing bowl. Mix in eggs, butter, and corn syrup. Stir in pecans, and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 375° for thirty-five to forty minutes. If glass pan is used, reduce baking time five minutes.

Leather Britches
(Dried String Beans—Cooked)

Lucy Harmon, Charleston, West Virginia

Choose good, full green beans. String (but do not break) on a heavy thread with a darning needle. Hang up to dry inside away from insects. Let dry until completely dry. (This takes several days in humid climate and not so long in hot, dry climate.) Then place in a container with lid and store in dry place.

To cook Leather Britches, either soak overnight or pour boiling water over them, cover, and let stand a few minutes. Pour off water and put in pan with a little water, salt to taste, season with ham hock or bacon. Cook over low flame for five or six hours. Add a little water as needed. Let the water all cook away before serving. These are delicious in the wintertime with corn bread.

Squirrel With Pork Chops
(A Delicacy in the South)

Lucy Harmon, Charleston, West Virginia

Put a couple of pork chops in bottom of pan. Dress and cut squirrel and place on top of pork chops. Cover with water. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly until tender and the water is cooked away, and pork chops fry. Let brown well. Pour a little water (2 or 3 spoonfuls) and cover for a few seconds. This makes its own brown gravy.

Fried Pies

Cook dried fruit in very little water until tender. Add sugar to taste. Cool.

Dough:
1 c. flour
½ c. shortening
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. cold water

Mix flour, salt, and shortening until pieces are about the size of small peas. Add cold water and mix. Handle as little as possible. Wrap in wax paper and chill. When ready to use pinch off pieces to make about a three-inch circle when rolled. Roll on floured board.

Put a tablespoon of fruit on one side and pull dough over and pinch edges together with a fork. Fry in deep, hot fat. Brown on one side and then the other. When done, drain on paper towels to remove excess fat.

Lazy Pie

Melt one-fourth pound butter or other shortening in casserole dish. (A deep dish to prevent spilling should be used.)

Mix together the following ingredients:

1 c. flour
1 c. sugar
1 tbsp. baking powder
⅔ c. milk

Pour the above into melted butter. (Distribute evenly, but do not stir!)

Add: 2½ c. cooked fruit with syrup (sweetened to taste).

Do not mix fruit and syrup when adding to casserole, just pour it in as evenly as possible. You will be surprised at how the fruit takes its place and the crust comes to the top by itself.

Cook at 350° F. for forty-five minutes or until browned nicely.

Makes six large servings or eight small ones. Serve plain or with ice cream or whipped cream.

(Note: With some canned fruit, if syrup is thicker, you may need to add one-half cup of water.)

Sweet Potato Casserole

Mrs. Thompson Crawford, Fairmont, West Virginia
(Original Recipe)

1 medium-sized can sweet potatoes
½ c. brown sugar
4 tbsp. butter or other shortening
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
4 tbsp. orange juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ c. raisins
nuts as desired

Mash sweet potatoes with fork. Add all other ingredients and mix well together. Put into casserole and bake in 350° oven about thirty minutes.

Orange Sugar Cookies

Mrs. Thompson Crawford, Fairmont, West Virginia
(Original Recipe)

⅔ c. shortening
1¼ c. sugar
2 eggs
3 c. flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
grated rind of 1 medium-sized orange
4 tbsp. orange juice

Cream shortening, sugar, and eggs together. Add sifted dry ingredients to first mixture along with orange juice and rind. Chill. Roll out or use cookie press. Bake in 350° oven for ten to fifteen minutes.

Butterscotch Pudding

Franklin, West Virginia, Relief Society

2 c. brown sugar
1 qt. cold water
¼ c. butter

Boil down to a light syrup in a saucepan and then beat the mixture.

Second Mixture

2 eggs
1 c. white sugar
2 tbsp. vanilla
1 c. sweet milk
2 tsp. baking powder
2½ c. sifted flour

Beat eggs and sugar and add vanilla and milk. Then add the flour and baking powder. Put the dough in the syrup and set it in the oven to bake until brown. Looks like a cake. Makes four to six servings.

Old Fashioned Meat Pudding

Ruby Ederburn, Clarksburg, West Virginia

1 hog's head
1 hog's liver
corn meal (to thicken as desired)
salt and pepper to taste

Skin hog's head and cut in pieces. Remove the tongue and scald to remove outer layer. Cook in a large kettle until meat is tender. Cook liver in separate pan and don't save broth off the liver. Grind the cooked meat together. In the broth left from the hog's head, add enough corn meal to thicken and cook at least one hour. After the hour, add salt and pepper to taste and add ground meat and boil another hour, stirring frequently. When done, pour in pans and grease will cover top. When cold slice and fry. Will keep for over a month if in cool place. Any other bones left over from butchering may be cooked with the hog's head as it gives a better flavor. Extra scraps of meat may be added.

Green Tomato Kraut

Samantha Hayes, Webster Springs, West Virginia

Slice 1 peck green tomatoes and put in granite dishpan. Sprinkle three cups salt over this and let stand over night. Next day drain the green water off and chop the tomatoes fine. Then cut up enough cabbage to measure the same, and mix all together. Use a stone jar to pack it in. Put in a thin layer of coarse salt and a layer of the mixture. Then another layer of salt and mixture, until you complete the amount you want to make. Then put on weights to hold it under the brine. I use a cloth bag to put it in and no mold can get to the tomato kraut.

This will soon sour and be ready to eat. The salt will raise the brine. Do not add water.

When it is sour enough, you can take it out and heat it and can it in glass jars, as you would any other food, and seal it.

Hot Pepper Kraut

Samantha Hayes, Webster Springs, West Virginia

Cut 12 hot peppers and 1 gallon of cabbage fine and mix together well. Sterilize a stone jar. Use a cloth bag and put a thin layer of salt and then half of the cabbage and peppers. Then another layer of salt and another layer of cabbage and peppers. Place weights on mixture to hold it down in the brine. When the mixture sours, it can be heated and canned and sealed, as other foods. Drain off green brine before serving or canning.

If this recipe is too hot for your taste, use fewer peppers. I make both kinds, and we like both of them.

Words

Grace Ingles Frost

HOW careful we should be of the words that we speak. Words resemble seeds. Good seeds capable of producing a profitable harvest, are often destroyed by seeds with wild tendencies. It is just so with words. Sow words of beauty in receptive minds and they will bring forth a bounteous, beautiful harvest; but beware of the untamed word. Like seeds, one wild word can destroy your entire planting.

Guard Your Family—Fight Cancer With a Checkup and a Check

Submitted by Esther Allegretti
American Cancer Society, Inc.

'T is reassuring to know that today one cancer patient in three is being saved. A few years ago only one in four was saved. But we can do etter. Half of those who get cancer could be saved if we guard ourselves nd our families with thoughtful attention to health checkups and speedy nedical attention at the earliest sign of a symptom. You can help the merican Cancer Society in its crusade against the disease by sending a enerous check to your local unit of the Society. Remember—the checkup to guard your family now—the check will guard their future.

No matter how diverse people may be in their attitudes and ways of fe, they are united in a determination to banish one of mankind's worst nemies—cancer.

Americans have backed this determination by working as volunteers or, and by their contributions to, the American Cancer Society. Fighting cancer costs money. In the last ten years the American people contributed $211,441,437 to the American Cancer Society for this cause. It as brought results. There are 800,000 Americans who have reason to hank the ACS for the balanced research, education, and service programs hich helped save their lives. These 800,000 once had cancer and were ired.

Cancer affects rich and poor, office, factory, and professional worker ike. That's why they stand shoulder to shoulder in the great crusade o wipe out cancer.

Men and women stricken with cancer lose many millions of dollars earnings and in hospital bills. Yet funds available for cancer research e a fraction of this cost.

We have it in our power to hasten the greatest V-Day humanity will er know—the day when nobody has to die of cancer. Expensive? Yes, ut some of the best things in life are costly.

When you're asked for a donation this April, remember you have an portunity to acquire some day, for your own family, and all families erywhere, one of the greatest gifts of life—freedom from cancer.

Benediction

Thelma Ireland

She kneels beside her little bed,
Her wee hands clasped in prayer.
Then trusting him, she falls asleep.
There is a sermon there.

The Day I Turned Eight

Ilene H. Kingsbury

THE rain beat on my head. It struck my braids until they hung sodden. From my belted middle to my shoeless feet, I was quivering as the aspen leaves whose shade flickered over my face. This standing in a pond of spring water was almost more than I had bargained for. The ripples on its clear surface answered to the pelting April rain with dancing splashes and ever-widening circles. The persuasive tug of the water almost pulled me over on my face. Only the steady arm of my father kept me from floating away. This was the moment of my baptism.

The day was warm for the season or we would not have started out on this serious errand. Our home on the desert, nearly a hundred miles away, had never given us the luxury of enough water for outdoor shower baths, let alone a swimming hole. And this was my first experience in deep water. No extravagant use of this precious substance was a maxim with us. For many years it was carried from artesian wells in wooden barrels. This, then explained our visit to Grandma's in time for the spring baptismal day in the pond at the outskirts of her Southern Utah town.

From Grandma's to the meetinghouse and from there, in converging buggies, perhaps a dozen, we had headed for the pond. It was only after the horses were tied to the fence that we felt a little moisture on our faces and saw it fall in the dust and kick up miniature clouds at our feet. But, as the sun still shone and the spot shower would soon move on down the valley, the plans of yesterday went forward.

All my life up to that day, I had been taught the magic of becoming eight. For then I could be baptized. So, in the nurturing rain, which did not cease its gentle falling, we hurried to a leanto on the north side of the deserted ranch house to prepare ourselves for the event.

Once under cover, my teeth began to chatter, not with cold, but with fear of the next few minutes. I sneaked a glance at one of my cousins, and at four or five other girls my age. They had already begun to peel off their dresses and were down to their long underwear. This ankle length garment of ribbed cotton, some of it combed soft on the skin side, reached to the shoe tops; and on the arms, to the elbows. The style had been designed for a wrist length, but during the winter most of us had begged our mothers to cut them off short, meaning to the elbows. Where this request had failed, some of us had done it ourselves back of the kitchen stove on bathing nights, and then stood the consequences.

One could tell by our faces we wished it were at least May the first. On that great day we could shed this cocoon type encasement and, for perhaps a half year, be lightly clad either in vest and bloomers of woven cotton, elastic threaded at waist and knee; or in store pants of white knit. But today, April 25th, was a week before the

historic change to lighter garments, and even this momentous occasion hadn't warranted summer underwear.

Modesty took over the scene at this point, and each girl hid herself behind a towel while she changed to a white dress, in two cases, several sizes too big. Then, each stepped cautiously over the board floor and stretched around the door frame to see whether the great outside world was looking her way.

SEVERAL mothers, solicitous of every detail, stood in the kitchen path and motioned us to hurry, didn't we know the rain might come down harder any minute? Three of us made it safely out of the house; but the fourth caught the hem of her gathered skirt on the loosened wire screen. This had unwoven itself in long rippling tendrils, each hanging out at odd angles as unbraided hair does when we say electricity is combed through it. This little girl, entangled in the wire, became frantic as a caged squirrel. She snatched her dress so quickly it billowed out around the screen and curled against the frame. One couldn't tell whether she was going out or coming in.

The next two girls, stalled in their ceremonial march, bent to help her extricate the folds, but too many hands only made the matter worse. They shrugged off all responsibility then, and ran around her to catch up with the others. These first, prompt, unimpeded ones turned around to question the delay, couldn't decide where their duty lay; but upon hearing their mothers commanding them to come on, they took to their steady course down the path.

In after years I asked the entangled one how she felt at the moment of desertion, and she said, "So hopeless! What if I never got loosened in time to be baptized. Then the Lord would never forgive me for stealing Grandma's candy from the jar in her parlor."

She did unleash herself, however, and came running, a bit tear-stained, to catch up, and pridefully clutching the torn hem to hide it. Then what happened made someone quote "the last shall be first," thought from a Sunday School lesson. The girl's name was Adams, and she headed the line!

Here we were, tremblingly standing, a bit breathless, ready for the great moment; but where were the boys? Sounds of a minor battle over in the tool shed gave notice of where they were, all right. But why weren't they ready? One of the fathers hastened to the ruction — it was hard to determine from his face and stride whether by now he wanted to quell the trouble or join in and beat up the noisy offenders. The upsurge of sound as he opened the door was cut off with his stern presence and, in short order, a half dozen boys came filing out, each looking temporarily guilty, or perhaps it was embarrassment at, for once, being dressed all in white. They, at least, wore better fitting outfits than the girls, and only the color seemed odd.

Of course, we all knew what we were about, this baptism by immersion, but a stranger to our ways would have been somewhat puzzled. His enlightenment would have been less likely upon hearing two bold remarks. The biggest boy, by a head, evidently long over the eight-year limit, stated louder than

boys ever realize they are talking, "I decided I'd get baptized today, even if I had to do it myself in the bathtub!" His friend, standing near, boasted, "If they just don't hold me under more than two minutes, I can hold my breath!"

One could see straight off that someone along the line had neglected to inform the lads that eight years was the time to know right from wrong. Immersion, complete for an instant only, was the commanded form to symbolize a new birth into a life of consecration toward better ways. Also, the brief ceremony, packed with deep spiritual significance, was to be loved, not feared.

As young as I was, I could see twelve children with as many hopes and fears showing all over their faces. That is, except for one, a little Indian boy, totally calm, absolutely noncommittal, always on the outside of the group, alone in a white man's ceremony. I guessed his parents were the Pahutes, motionless as totems, a ways off under a cottonwood tree. I was grown before I realized how sensitive this race is to the eyes of outsiders, white or red.

My turn to enter the waters came before I could quite understand why the biggest boy came on the bank blubbering, or why the littlest girl seemed almost transported to angelic bliss at her moment of purity. Nor could I understand why the pudgy blond girl should have been shaking as with laughter; or for that matter, why in middle age, she is still chuckling over life. All of us resembled soaked weeds—hair streaming, straightened, tangled, eyelashes dewy and gathered in beauty's up-length — soggy clothing clinging in shapeless drapes and utterly refusing to stand out from our formless selves.

Each looked at each with the purest inward touch we would probably ever have again. We knew our sins had been forgiven us, and we solemnly believed we never could offend a soul, if we lived to be a hundred. Most of us felt considerably older than we had an hour earlier. Age eight is truly a marvel in mankind's progress. We were all well launched on the path to heaven, and we knew at the end of the journey all of us would be there together.

Such was our faith, repentance, and baptism.

QUICKLY we ran to the leanto. Now that it was all over, except of course our confirmation on next Fast Sunday, we were in haste to join our parents and relatives who already were roaming restlessly about the grounds. Some of the older ones named the year they, too, had come here to be baptized. A couple of very little boys spoke up. They didn't think the pond was anything but a swimming hole. The elder in charge hoped that one day a font would be built within a new meetinghouse. His dream showed in his eyes.

As we entered the house, we looked back just in time to see three boys racing for a surrey at the gate. And, still sopping wet, each with his dry clothes under his arm and his shoes tied together and slung around his neck, off they drove for town.

One boy yelled back, "Why stop to dress when it is raining anyway?"

This seemed reasonable, except

at to little girls, in a chattering te of wetness and excitement, the ay for getting dressed was more gent. And besides, we thought, at mother would let girls drive out soaking wet! That was just boys, we guessed.

By the time we drew on our long ckings over our damp skin and mpled underwear and laced our h-topped shoes, all the boys and ir families had left, and most of remaining parents were calling to hurry.

In a way, I hated to leave. I felt ttle sad, just the way my spirits when we said goodbye to andma after a visit or when ristmas day was finally over, and wouldn't happen again for a ole, interminable year.

As we climbed in the buggy and harness slapped the mare to al motion toward home, we ked back at the pond. The April was strengthening its fall, a t of canyon wind ruffled its sur-. With a little shiver I looked comfort to Mother and Grandma sitting in the front seat. They were happy to be on the way home again. Their concern, then, was about my birthday cake which they hoped someone had thought to take out of the oven.

It was then I knew I was still a little girl, and not so terribly grown-up after all; for I got so hungry for that cake that I nearly jumped out of the buggy and ran ahead of the horse.

When the whole day was over: rain, baptism, cake, and all, I tried to think of the most wonderful thing to remember when I got real old, say twenty-five. I settled for the moment in the pond, the deep water gently swaying me and the loving arms of my father steadying me as he began to talk to the Lord in my behalf.

It all came back, each detail — as it has most of my numerous birthdays — the next morning when Mother combed my hair. My braids were still damp from the rain and the water in the pond — that day I turned eight.

My Love Is Young

Maixene Jennings

My love is young, and, oh, so filled with needing!
For comfort, warmth, and strength he turns to me;
His tiny voice that asks of me his feeding
Names me his orbit's queen, his certainty.

My love is small, but, oh, so full of growing!
His dimpled charm thrives on the racing days;
His shrinking clothes contrive to keep me sewing,
While healthy pounds revise his baby ways.

My love is mine, but, oh, so busy sleeping!
His waking hours most precious hours I've known!
My cup is full, but I am close to weeping—
The more he grows the less he is my own!

You Can Sew—XIV—Children's Clothes —Infants and Toddlers

Jean R. Jennings

IT is a wise woman, indeed, who approaches the making of a layette with a practical and not a sentimental plan.

Too often young mothers let their feelings run away with them and buy entirely too many and too frivolous clothes for the coming baby. The kinds and number of garments are matters of personal decision, but wise mothers plan for very few infants' clothes. Babies grow fast and are soon too large for the first tiny clothes. Often friends send gifts, and soon there is much more for the baby than can ever be needed.

When selecting clothing for the infant, keep these three important points in mind: the garments must be comfortable; they must be easy to launder; they must be easy to slip on and off.

To insure perfect comfort in infants' and small tots' clothing, first make sure the fabrics are soft. Fine nainsook, lawn, batiste, soft flannel, and soft crepe are satisfactory. Many of the new synthetic fabrics are non-absorbent and do not readily ventilate, so are, therefore, not as good for the wee ones. Do not use any materials that will, in any way, irritate sensitive skin. Rough textures and stiff or starchy types are a very poor choice for children.

In most cases, especially for night clothes, those that tie are better than those that button. Give preference to a front closing and to raglan sleeves which will give freedom and more comfort than set-in sleeves. Avoid tiny collars that crumple up around the neck, no matter how cute they are. Resist garments that slip over the head. They are hard to adjust and hard to iron.

Young mothers with growing families can be kind to themselves by keeping children's clothes simple and uncluttered so they are easy to launder. The fewer the frills for everyday clothes the better.

When baby begins to crawl and learn to walk, his clothes need special consideration. Plan garments which allow the greatest freedom for getting around on hands and knees and taking the first steps. Both girls and boys fare better in a cover-all type of garment that is buttoned at the crotch for easy changing. At this stage they are difficult to keep clean and frequent changes are necessary, so simplicity is the keynote for comfort.

Make such garments in pretty colors which can be washed often. Soft, flexible fabrics, with smooth surfaces which do not pick up dirt, should be used. They should always be pre-shrunk and color-fast. All seams should be narrow, flat, and smooth. All stitching should be very secure as these clothes will receive hard wear. Buttons and buttonholes must stay fast and keep their shape. They will be subjected to a great deal of buttoning and unbuttoning.

To encourage self-reliance in children, fastenings and plackets should

be in front within easy reach. Avoid very large or very small buttons for the child who is ready to learn to dress himself. Zippers and hooks and eyes are taboo as they are too difficult for tiny fingers. Gripper fasteners are good as the child gets a little older. All garments should have as few fastenings as possible.

Pajamas or nightgowns are made on the same principle as daytime clothes. They should be sturdy, with firm fastenings, be easy to get on and out of, and easy to launder. They should be made in comfortable fabrics that wear well.

Fashion should be important in night clothes as in day clothes. Children can look adorable in their night things if fabrics are attractive and well chosen and the styles becoming. Cotton crepe for summer wear and cotton flannel and jersey for winter are ideal fabrics. They are easily washed and need little or no ironing.

Because infants' and toddlers' clothes get hard wear and need frequent laundering, plain seams are not satisfactory for use in their construction. Two sturdier-type seams that are most frequently used are the French seam and the flat fell seam. For infants' and little girls' dresses, slips, and gowns, the French seam is best. For play clothes and pajamas, the fell seam serves well.

To make a French seam lay the fabric edges together, right side out. Pin or baste, then stitch, taking out half the seam allowance. Trim raw edges, then press the seam open or to one side. Turn to the wrong side and crease on the line of stitching. Stitch along the seam line and so enclose the raw edges.

To make a flat fell seam begin by pinning or basting the seam from the right side and stitch. Press flat. Trim away one edge to within 1/4 inch of the seam line. Turn the other edge under and pin or baste flat so the raw edge is covered. Stitch close to the fold.

Make extra long plackets in children's clothes, using methods discussed in Article XII, in *The Relief Society Magazine* for February 1959.

Grandma Reminisces

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Sometimes, when loneliness offset my fear
Of horse and rig, I'd call the children in,
Would scrub each elbow, wash each earth-stained ear,
And dress them party-clean from toe to chin.
Then from the silent barn, I'd fetch Old Ned,
Who, waiting always, lonely and forsaken,
Returned my awkward words with toss of head
And gentle whinnies. . . . Fearful (but unshaken)
With trembling hands, I'd put the bridle on,
Gingerly fasten the tugs to whippletree—
Quieting the children's noise . . . my thoughts upon
That neighbor five miles west. Unwaveringly,
I'd call "Giddap!" jarring the buggy's load,
And leave my loneliness along the road.

Great-Grandmother's Notebook

Arlene D. Cloward

IT had been one of "those" days from the very beginning Janine sighed heavily. First little Joey had awakened early with a slight fever, cross and fretful, and all that would pacify him was to rock him slowly in the rocking chair. Finally he had fallen asleep, but Janine's arm where his head had rested was stiff and tired. Then Jenny had spilled a whole quart of milk across the newly waxed kitchen floor and now, not fifteen minutes later, Jenny was skipping toward her, leaving behind a trail of muddy little footprints. In her hands she was holding up a quart jar with a captive butterfly lifting lovely fragile wings to beat against the sides.

"Oh, lookee, Mommie," she exclaimed, her small five-year-old face alight with excitement. "Down in the garden I found this and I . . . ."

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny, I told you not to go down in that garden. I just watered last night. Now look at your shoes and my floor. Whatever am I going to do with you? Go outside and sit down on the porch this very instant. And stay there!"

Jenny's eager little face fell, and she glanced from the glossy-winged butterfly to her muddy footprints, and then she quietly turned and slipped back out the door, clutching her jar tightly.

Janine was just wiping up the mud when she heard Dave talking to Jenny outside. His voice and his step on the doorsill were heavier than usual, and when her eyes met his she knew that he hadn't received his raise. They wouldn't be able to buy the lovely brick rambler home up in the new section of town after all. The beautiful home that they had so wanted.

"I'm sorry," Dave murmured, seeking her eyes for some answer.

Janine covered her mouth with her hand and fled quickly to the kitchen sink, where she silently turned on the water tap full force and began noisily rattling the dishes. She had wanted that house so! Nothing ever seemed to turn out right.

Dave stood for a moment watching her, and then turned away, his broad shoulders bent dejectedly, his eyes sad. "I tried. Well I . . . I'm on my way now to meet a client."

Janine didn't reply and he left, his feet even heavier than when he had come. Just thinking about the disappointment brought new tears to her eyes, and she rubbed an arm angrily across her hot forehead, letting a soapy dish slip with a crash to the floor.

Just then, at as miserable and untimely a pace as everything else that day, the telephone rang. Snatching up a towel, she dried her hands furiously, trying to blink back the tears and clear the sob in the middle of her throat.

At the sweet, familiar sound of her mother's voice, Janine broke out into loud and uncontrollable sobs, telling the woes of her terrible day somewhat incoherently into the phone.

Right in the middle of telling about Dave's not getting the raise

and the beautiful home that they wouldn't be able to have, Mother interrupted gently.

"It sounds, dear, as if today is the day that I need to turn over to you my grandmother's notes."

Janine sniffed. "Notes?"

"Yes. I think perhaps it would be of a great deal of help to you. My mother gave this little notebook to me when I was young and newly married, and suggested that I pass it on to you on a day that seemed to be extra trying. Either you've been very lucky darling, or very secretive, because I haven't found the right occasion until today. I'll be right over. Just sit down and wait for me."

The receiver clicked and Janine sat staring at the instrument with bewildered eyes. Whatever could some notes written by her great-grandmother have to do with her and all the things that had gone wrong! A notebook certainly couldn't solve a thing.

Janine laid the phone back into its cradle slowly and walked wearily into the living room, sinking dejectedly into the nearest soft chair. She shut her eyes, and a few hot tears slid from beneath her eyelids and down her cheeks. Today was a day she wished that she could have missed. Not one nice thing had happened. She thought that she would have been better to have stayed in bed.

Janine was still there when her mother arrived twenty minutes later, carrying a very small cedar chest. She set the little chest on Janine's lap and smiled.

"Here, dear. This belonged to your great-grandmother Elizabeth. She came across the plains with a handcart company in 1856, and with her she brought this chest. I want you to read the little notebook inside, and I promise you you will reread it many times during your life. See you tomorrow, Janine. Goodbye."

Her mother was out the door before the astonished young woman could open her mouth to protest. After the sound of her mother's car had died away down the street, Janine looked curiously at the little cedar chest. On the lid was a beautifully carved rose, surrounded by dainty leaf-like designs, and through the pattern was engraved "To My Beloved Beth."

Shyly, almost humbly, Janine unfastened the aging brass fastener and lifted the lid. Inside lay an old, yellowed notebook, and she picked it up carefully. The first page was so faded that she had to read slowly in order to make out the words, but as she did so, the tears left her eyes and she became quite lost in the words before her.

* * * * *

"IT is the last of May, 1856, and we are almost ready to begin our long journey. Charles, my husband, has the handcart packed to the brim, and we are going to try to take along our big beautiful mahogany bedstead that was given to us on our wedding day. We hope to start our new home with this dearly beloved bedstead, for somehow a home wouldn't seem to be a home without it. I've wrapped it very carefully in the heaviest quilt I could find to keep it free from dust and scratches. All of our other things, my china, and the lovely maple dining set we have given to our family and friends we are leaving behind.

"Charles and the other men have

floated the carts across the river on the Council Bluffs ferry. The ferry is a fascinating flat-bottomed boat, built to convey travelers to the other side. They are returning now for the other women, myself, our son Joseph, and our two daughters, Melissa and Mary.

"June — The heat is already oppressive, and my calico dress is long since faded from the sun. Dust rises in heavy clouds from the wheels of the carts ahead of us and coats our skin. Melissa's golden curls are gray with it, and when I shake my bonnet it makes a little dust storm of its own. I grieve for my baby, Mary. How uncomfortable and hot she is. Dear Mary, who longs to kick and coo, and must be held so tightly in my arms all day long. The blanket has to be held so close about her to protect the soft, delicate skin from the blistering sun.

"CHARLES, dear Charles, strains so hard at the cart to pull it over rocks and through the deep dust, and Joseph and Melissa are so often thirsty, with no water to give them. Thank the dear Lord for the joy and love in our hearts, and for the glorious light of his gospel. For how, without this, could my children point out with glee the swift spring of the wild hare, the beauty of the distant golden sunset, and then turn to see their father's back straighten and his eyes become alert? Baby Mary, so sweet to smile at the songs I sing. The songs that give wings to our weary feet. And Charles, so strong his arms, so reassuring his kind smile.

"July — It is finally night. As I sit here in our tent I can hear the raindrops drumming steadily on the canvas. The rain hasn't let up for almost a week. It is pitch black, except for my little tallow candle which flickers so that it is difficult to write. My family is at last settled for the night. Dear Joseph is flopped out flat, with arms spread above his head and his little hands open and relaxed. Melissa is curled up like a kitten with her thumb popped into her rosy mouth, and Mary sleeps, peacefully stretching. Charles is so tired. Even in sleep his bronzed face is lined — lines around his eyes from squinting against the sun, tired lines, gentle lines, worried lines.

"Two days ago, however, I lifted a burden from his back. The mud was so deep that it was over my knees, and the cart wheels were so caked that we could scarcely pull it. I laid my Mary deep in the cart and together we pulled and pushed and scraped mud from the rims, but it was no use, the cart was too heavily loaded to push any further. It had rained for four days then, and showed no signs of letting up. We had to reach higher ground. And so quietly I told Charles that our bedstead must go, that I wouldn't let him struggle with such a heavy burden any longer for my sake.

"Silently we lifted all of our bedding and provisions out of the cart onto a canvas until we came to the big mahogany bedstead. How my heart cried to see Charles heave out our precious little bit of home, remove the quilt, and set it down so painstakingly gentle into the deep black mud.

"Rain pelted down our faces and dripped off our clothes as we stood

nere, looking down at the shiny ahogany begin to glisten with indrops. Charles looked at me, deeply, and with such heart-reaking sympathy that I had to ow him that although it hurt rribly, it didn't really matter.

"I touched his wet arm with my and, and I smiled through the rain d said, 'Darling Charles, we were rong. That bedstead wasn't what takes to make a home. We don't eed it really, after all. Home, my arling, is where you and I and ur babies are.'

"And it is true. We left our beau-ful bedstead back along the muddy ail in the rain, but we are all here, icked safely within our tent with ie sound of soothing rain pattering bove us and we are really at home —together."

* * * * *

ANINE was crying when she finished reading the yellowed otebook, but now her tears were ifferent from the tears that she had ed earlier. She brought the small ook up caressingly against her heek. "Thank you, Great-grand-nother. Thank you."

She stood up, clutching it against er breast. Dave had heavy bur-ens, too, although they were not uite the same as a handcart. And hat had she done to help to light-n them? What comfort had she iven him? None! She had been too engrossed in her own disappoint-ment to reach out and help him with his. No, she thought, she would probably never be called up-on to leave a beloved bedstead along a muddy trail, but, perhaps, she might need to abandon a few too high-priced ideas for her husband's broad shoulders to carry. In fact, this very evening when Dave re-turned she would try to show him, with the help of a wise great-grand-mother, that they were also really at home by being together and that was all that mattered.

Slowly, gently, she replaced the notebook in the little chest. She would read it often, as her mother had promised her that she would. Placing the chest upon the mantel, she tiptoed to the screen door and opened it quietly. Jenny was still sitting there, holding the jar, but her eyes were uninterested now, and her tiny feet drummed nervous-ly on the step. Somewhere along the way, Janine realized, she had forgotten to see the beautiful things her children pointed out to her, and she had also forgotten to bring joy to them.

She sat down upon the step be-side the little girl and put her arm about her. The child's face lighted in bewilderment, and then a smile spread across her face and lighted up her deep blue eyes again as Janine said gently, "Darling, I'm ready now to see your butterfly."

But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy ecause thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee. For ou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield Psalms 5:11-12).

Rozella Dowdle Kingsford Makes Lace Tablecloths and Braided Rugs

ROZELLA Dowdle Kingsford, Cove, Utah, has been busy with needles and crochet hooks since girlhood. She has made more than fifty braided rugs and many articles of exquisite crocheting. For the Relief Society room in her ward chapel she crocheted a lovely lace tablecloth and a lace cloth for the top of the piano. She also crocheted hundreds of articles which were sold and the money given to help finance the building of the ward chapel.

Mrs. Kingsford's "double hobby," as she calls it, is gardening. She raises raspberries and strawberries, as well as a vegetable garden, and her flower garden is the pride of the valley — presenting a picture of continuous bloom from early spring until late fall. Her habits of industry and thrift were acquired early, for Rozella Dowdle lost her mother when she, the eldest daughter, was only twelve. Soon after the mother's death, Rozella's father said to her, "Be sure to have the bushel of wheat ready for the Relief Society sisters when they call, even though your mother is not here." Relief Society has been a beloved companion to Mrs. Kingsford for many of her seventy-eight years, and she has been a visiting teacher for more than forty years. She is mother to eight children and grandmother to twenty-seven.

"Easy Soap" Recipe

Vera C. Stratford

2 quarts grease
1 quart cold soft water
1 can lye
½ cup ammonia
2 tablespoons borax

Heat grease, add lye, which has been dissolved in water overnight. Stir 15 to 20 minutes. Add ammonia and borax which have been dissolved in ½ cup warm water. Stir until thick. The grease need not be too warm. Mark the pieces as soon as soap is cold enough. As soon as it will grate nicely grate it, and store in boxes or plastic bags.

"Now You Know You're Living"

Mary Ek Knowles

MY mother-in-law was the most gifted person I have ever known. Not gifted in the usual sense. She couldn't paint a picture, or compose a song, or write a novel. She was gifted, rather, in the art of living life to the fullest.

Never have I known a person who got so much enjoyment out of the simple, everyday things. A two-block walk to the grocery store was a thrilling experience. In her home neighborhood that two-block walk might take all morning, because she must stop to visit a moment with everyone: women, men, children, dogs, cats, even the parrot on Mrs. Elden's front porch.

And in a strange neighborhood — but, come to think of it, there was no such thing as a strange neighborhood to Grandma, because any neighborhood was made up of people and people weren't strangers. A fifteen-minute talk with a man she had never met before, and she would come away with his family background, his complete life's history, a list of his physical ailments, and the projects he hoped to succeed in.

For Grandma a trip across the barren Nevada desert was an adventure comparable to sailing around the Horn. "'Isn't that an awful stretch over the desert?" one of my friends asked Grandma, when she drove over with her daughter to visit me when we were living in Reno.

"*Awful?*" Grandma said, swinging happily in the lawn swing. "No, now I can't say that it was. I thought it was a beautiful trip."

"Beautiful! You're joking!" my friend said. "What was beautiful about it?"

"Why, the Joshua trees, and those desert lilies and miles and miles of clean sand sparkling in the sun, and the jackrabbits standing up so sassy on their haunches watching us go by, and the *sunset!* Why that sunset alone was worth the trip. It was just like a big painting with nothing to block our view."

Grandma took time out to do things for people. One of my fondest memories is the day she taught four little boys, five and six years of age, to embroider.

For over a half hour they had watched fascinated while she skillfully embroidered a pink rose in the corner of a blue luncheon cloth. Then one of the Albright twins said, "That looks like fun, Grandma Knowles." And Grandma said, "It is. Would you like to embroider something?" "Yes," they all agreed they would. "Well, go home and get embroidery hoops and I'll show you how."

They got embroidery hoops from their bewildered mothers, and Grandma drew designs and figures on remnants of white cotton I had. She provided the needles, the bright-colored thread.

I can still see them, four freckle-faced, tough-looking little boys sitting on the steps of the big, shady front porch, their Tomahawk-haircut heads bent over their embroidery hooks. I can still hear Grandma saying: "You want to embroider the cat purple? Well, now

that I think of it, I'll bet many a cat's wished she could be purple."

But the point is that she enjoyed every minute of threading needles and tying knots and unsnarling thread.

MY mother-in-law had many expressions that exactly fit the situation, but the one I remember most vividly was "Now you know you're living."

I heard it first one hot August afternoon when — so to speak — life had me by the throat. Since early morning things had been happening, disasters like the toilet flooding over, and the rinse tub springing a leak, and one clothesline breaking with its load of sheets.

Now it was three o'clock, the hottest part of the day, and my six-year-old daughter Janet was crying because she had skinned her knee; fifteen-month-old Ernie had just broken out in red spots that Grandma diagnosed as "Chicken pox, sure enough. My isn't he covered, though? He will feel better now they're out." Three-month-old Larry was teething and cranky.

There was a sink full of dirty dishes, a bushel of peaches on the back porch to be bottled, a basket of clean clothes to be dampened and ironed.

Grandma had arrived just ten minutes before. She had walked the two blocks from her house, swinging along on her crutches — she had arthritis in both hips by then, but she could cover distances faster than most people could with two good legs — and now she sat in the rocker, held the baby, patted his back, said a few sympathetic words to Janet, and surveyed the situation. I know she was planning how she could best help me once the baby was quieted, but not even that knowledge could lift my dragging spirits.

"Oh, Grandma," I wailed, "isn't everything a mess. Isn't life *awful!*"

"No, I don't think it's awful at all," she said brightly, happily, as she rocked back and forth. "Now you know you're living."

Believe me, I didn't understand then what she meant. This, I thought, horrified, she calls *living!* Either my beloved mother-in-law had taken leave of her senses, or she was trying to buoy me up with false optimism.

BUT I understand now. Life to Grandma was *living*. It was as simple as that. Life was meeting a problem head on, grappling with it, and solving it. It was taking a bushel of peaches and turning it into jars of golden fruit for wintertime; it was the changing of a pile of dirty clothes into clean, starched dresses and expertly ironed men's shirts; it was taking three dirty-faced, tousled-haired children and transforming them into three clean cherubs marching off to Sunday School.

Life was giving encouragement and praise to the tired man of the house. It was riding herd on a rebellious teen-age son who towered over you, and ordering him to his room for the rest of the day and night, your heart pounding as you prayed that you had reared him right and he would know he had the discipline coming and would not storm out of the house, knowing that physically you could not stop him. It was a prayer of gratitude

Then he pounded off to his room, rumbling, but going anyhow to say as you had ordered.

Life to Grandma meant not complaining or bewailing your lot, or blaming your failures on a parent who didn't give you the doll buggy you cried for when you were three years old. It was squaring your shoulders and going on until your strength gave out, and then drawing on a deeper strength you didn't even know you had, and going on again.

That August day I didn't understand what she meant, but I do now. Now when the house is quiet and clean and it stays that way, and sometimes the hours drag. "Now you know you're living," she had said. How wise, how right she was. I wish I had appreciated it more then.

This Year's Spring

Vesta N. Lukei

Over your shoulder, you loving me,
I see the slanting rain,
The dripping leaves of eucalyptus,
And spring's first green refrain.

Over your shoulder, you loving me,
I see gray clouds that fill
The curve of sky above the sweep
Of country road and hill.

Over your shoulder, you loving me,
I see the burgeoning
Of life. Here you and I, entwined,
Are part of this year's spring.

Home Decorators

Joyce K. MacKabe

don't have murals or oil paintings hanging on my walls. The decorators of my home are not trained, nor do they get paid for their work.

The bright paper truck cut laboriously in kindergarten from colored paper adorns ir living room wall. The mural on the refrigerator was made by little hands, brown th cake batter licked from the mixing bowl. A trail of toys leads through the house ft by a toddler's tiny hands, a true free-form design from the modern school of art.

Crumbs encircle each of the twenty legs of our breakfast set, but their delicate ncery means more to me than the careful pattern of the linoleum, for they recall the iles on the clean faces that were around the table such a short time before.

These are the decorators of my home, hardly professional, yet I am convinced ey are the best God has to offer, and I thank him for my children.

About Twilight

Amy Viau

WHEN I first met twilight, long ago as a child, it was a very special time of evening. During the long summer days, people seemed to look forward to it as a kind of luxurious siesta.

Twilight on the farm of a Midwestern State, where great fields and distances stretched, unchecked by mountains to horizon them, was a splendored prefix to night. There, in its softened glowing of gray, the whole world was a charmed landscape.

In that land of level fields and reaching pastures, twilight stretched far beyond the road running past our front yard. And often there was mentioning of the twilight, as of the sunset.

"Isn't it a lovely twilight?" was almost as natural an exchange between neighbors as was "How are you?"

And in that day, before cars stirred the highways with speed, the thick, velvety dust of the summer road yielded softly to every footstep of those who walked along in the twilight, just for the joy of the evening.

There was the summer evening when a stranger came sauntering along past the yard, as though he walked a royal pathway. And, though strangers did not often walk that road, it seemed natural and fitting for him.

"Good evening, Sir," he called out to my father, sitting with the whole family in the cool front yard. "A lovely twilight — a lovely twilight, if I ever saw one!"

Of course, father agreed, and the stranger leaned on the top rail of the rail fence, with regular twilight friendliness. He explained that he was hiking to upstate and loved walking at twilight and under the stars of night. When he was reminded by father that it was eight miles to the nearest town, where he could get lodging—he laughed, then explained what a pleasure it was when he was walk-tired, to take his coat from the valise he carried and to lie down beside the road, or in some dewy field to rest—with God's vastness all around him. And to my child mind, that was a heavenly thing to do.

The two large sycamore trees across the road, responded to twilight with a stillness of utter peace, until the night blackened them into indefinable shapes. But they were a bit of trim to the twilight, worth mentioning.

The old, gray stable—not the real barn, just the squat stable, was a kind of dwarfish castle in twilight, as the light went from subdued gray to a depth of blue from which it slowly melted into night.

It was at the time of this bluish gray, that Father always seemed impelled to sing. "The Ninety and Nine" was his favorite song. He would start it with a twilight-kind of humming, which finally became words that rose clear and distinct in the crescendo of the verse. When the "wandering sheep" were finally safe in the Father's arms, and Father's beautiful voice ebbed into the silent twilight—I felt happy and satisfied.

"Shall we take a little walk in the twilight?" was almost as usual in the family as was the mentioning of supper being ready, or of lighting the indoor lights. However, lights spoiled the effect of twilight. Even the flashings of fireflies over the fields and yard, which are comparable to flashes of fairy lanterns, to a child, can mar the effect of twilight-glowing. Twilight needs only its own varied tones to make a world of fairyland.

The Silver Leash

Chapter 4

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Synopsis: LaRue Harding, an orphan, has lived since childhood in California with an aunt, goes to Fivelakes, Arizona, after the death of her sister Amelia. She tries to help and encourage her brother-in-law Herbert Vetterly, who is confined to a wheel chair. His children gradually come to accept LaRue as a friend and as a member of the family. She meets Dr. Alan Rutherford, a surgeon at the Jonas Harding Hospital, and his fiancee Gladys Drew.

A WEEK or so later, LaRue had the opportunity to speak to Herb about her plans for spending her vacation. "I'd like to wire the bank and ask for a little more time, Herb. That is, if you and the children can put up with me a little longer." She felt herself blushing and took refuge in the Wedding Festival, adding: "I'd like to stay for the celebration. Everybody's talking about it."

"Of course, stay," said Herb, but he could not hide the questioning frown which crossed his forehead.

LaRue decided that she must be completely honest. "I didn't mean to stay, Herb. I realize that Erma and Joel resent me. Connie has been offended ever since the day I corrected her. . . ."

"The children are young," said Herb, coming quickly to their defense. "I shall speak to them. . . ."

"Please don't," said LaRue, stiffly. "Herb, I know that it seems to them that I came only for a vacation, that I didn't want to come. But I had to come, Herb."

Her voice failed. Silence stretched thin in the pretty room with its starched white curtains, its homelike furniture. There was a crystal bowl on a table. Amelia had loved it because it had been given to her by a good friend. Amelia had had so many friends. Everyone had liked her. Everybody LaRue met said kind, loving things about Amelia. And because they did, LaRue felt lonely.

Herb was speaking haltingly: "I have no right to ask you to stay, LaRue. Yet I need you. We all need you."

It was good to be needed. Yet LaRue knew the limitations of that need. After Herb had gone to his room and closed his door, she thought about it. When she sat down to send a telegram to the bank, she felt doubtful. Once her hand paused, and she crumbled the paper, deciding not to stay.

Then she heard Connie going along the hall. She paused at her father's door, called out to him: "Daddy, I'm going out to play with Janice and Atlast. If you need anything, just call me."

Carol waited hopefully for an answer. When it did not come, she went slowly along the hall and outside.

LaRue felt anger rising hot in her throat. He might have answered, she thought, knowing the depth of a small child's disappointment. She scribbled words on paper, and went to the phone and sent the message. Then she went into the kitchen. There were a few soiled dishes in the sink. She at-

tacked them fiercely, then smiled at her own display of spleen. She scolded herself. Be fair to Herb. The accident which broke his body, broke his spirit, too. She knew that Amelia's death had shattered the faith he had lived by all during his life. Amelia had been his other self. Without her love he was lost. Truth and knowledge had drifted away.

LARUE rinsed a shining glass and set it in the cupboard. She stared at it for a few moments seeing it filled with sparkling punch. I don't know much about entertaining young folks, she thought dubiously, but maybe I could try. If Erma and Joel had a closer home life, they would not always be away from their home. If there was only something. . . . Maybe a party. I could ask Erma. But she still felt a little frightened of Erma's scorn. Anyway, she thought, relieved, I could ask Bob Powers to suggest something that would keep Joel more at home.

Even as she planned, she felt unsure about how to go about things. She decided to go for a walk. Maybe it would help her think. She changed her house-frock for a pink, sleeveless cotton. She shaded her gray-blue eyes with a large hat.

She had no particular destination in view. But when she came to the knoll rising up to Hillhigh House, she turned automatically and began the climb. The walk was steep and weed-grown. The lawn sloped towards the new highway.

She stood in an old brick patio gazing out upon a surprising panorama. Below, the highway, under the onslaught of the road-building machines, stretched into the distance like an unwinding spool of dark thread. Vehicles moved along it like toys propelled by a childish hand, to disappear between molded pink cliffs. Far to the left, Blue Lake danced and sparkled, holding captive in its sapphire depths a great golden ball of sun.

She pulled off her hat and let the breeze ruffle her burnished curls, there in the shadow of an old willow tree. She was unaware, until she heard a voice, that anyone was near. Then she remembered that Connie had said that Grandie visited the old house daily. The voice was ancient, mellow. It said: "Matilda Harding!"

LaRue whirled, wondering how anyone had ever learned her middle name. She had never cared for it, although it had been her grandmother's name. The old man was sitting on the steps of the high porch. His white hair was silver in the breeze. He smiled, and she saw that his eyes were dark, and very, very shrewd with the lessons of eighty-two years.

She smiled, correcting him: "I am *La*Rue Harding, Sir."

"You're Amelia's sister." He spoke complacently. "My grandson, Dr. Alan, said you were here. You're very like your grandmother. We were children together, Matilda and I. She had that same red hair!"

LaRue hadn't known. Amelia had known about her family, not LaRue. So her grandmother had had red hair! The knowledge warmed her, somehow.

Grandie was staring at her critically. "Like the old house, LaRue?" It was a friendly question, and when she nodded, he grinned happily. "I like it, too. Have since I was a kid. It was built by the

ırdings, but my wife and I lived re, after I bought it, until my rling left me for a better place." s eyes were sad, but he kept his ile. "Amelia loved this old house. e wanted to buy it. Fix it up. e attic's filled with old furniture." broke off, shaking his head. oung folks aren't interested in things," he said tiredly.

aRue found, suddenly, that she s more interested than she had ught. She said quickly: "Some- I'd like to bring Erma here and k the house over. Connie would e to come. Maybe, Joel. . . ."

HE old man waved his hand to- wards a garage that had once n a carriage house. "There's a in there. Built long before Joel born. Hear he's interested in ."

aRue's face was shining. "He'd to see it, Grandie." She said name as if she had been saying ll her life, the way the others She cried excitedly, looking ut: "This would be a lovely t for a cook-out. We could g a portable grill and chairs, . . ."

The old house would like that," d Grandie, his old eyes bright happiness. Quite solemnly he ed: "The house gets lonely, you w."

here was something pathetic in thought. LaRue had known liness. She asked: "Do houses ly get lonely, Grandie?"

Why not?" The question was r. "People get lonely. Why houses? This house is used to ple. Crowds of people. It could uite an attractive place if. . . ." glanced at the crooked FOR E sign nailed to one of the pillars of the porch, and confessed: "Guess I haven't tried very hard to sell it. Guess I'm sentimental! Wouldn't want to see the old house fall into the hands of someone who'd tear it down. Or abuse it."

He talked about the house as though it were human. LaRue knew how he loved it. He saw her looking at him and said: "Gladys wants a fine, ranch-type house in Maple Park when she marries my grandson. She wants me to build him a fine office, too."

LaRue nodded. "She told me about it once when she came with Dr. Alan to call on Herb." She wrinkled her brows doubtfully. "But Dr. Alan told us of his plans for adding a children's wing to the hospital. He tried to encourage Herb to draw the plans. But Herb didn't seem interested." She remembered how Dr. Alan had sketched what he wanted on the back of a rumpled envelope. "His face fairly shone when he talked about it," she finished.

Grandie's old face was still. "Alan's dreamed of that wing ever since he started medical college. The hospital needs it. The children's ward is too crowded. Sort of out-of-date." He added, abruptly: "Gladys says he'd be wasting his life, staying on at the hospital when he could have a fine, brand new office, and a wealthy clientele."

"*Wasting* his life!" LaRue echoed the phrase indignantly.

Grandie looked her straight in the eye. "I've already told Gladys I would give Alan the money for the home and office. She was very happy."

LaRue stared at the old man. Just a second before he had been so

(*Continued on page 275*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Edna S. Walker

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK FIRST WARD OPENING SOCIAL PRESENTS DRAMATIZATION "GET ABOARD THE RELIEF SOCIETY SPECIAL," October 3, 1958

Seated, upper row, right to left: President Ethel Graff as engineer; Counselor Dori Robinson as conductor; Counselor Catherine Hoglund as brakeman.

Edna S. Walker, President, Alpine Stake Relief Society, reports: " 'Get Aboard th Relief Society Special,' was the theme of the opening social of the American Fork Firs Ward. A large number of the sisters of the ward were in attendance and many brough their husbands. The first feature of the evening consisted of an exhibit of handwor and the announcement of the outcome of a food contest that was held earlier in th day. The program began with a little skit which cleverly invited all sisters of th ward to 'Get on the Relief Society Special.' The first to enter it were the executiv officers. The other officers and class leaders followed. As they passed the ticket offic which was attended by the secretary, they paid their Relief Society membership due

"With the leaders in the background, a fashion show was presented, with Meliss Robinson as commentator. About one hundred fifty people participated in the makin and modeling of clothing, which was the culmination of the Relief Society summ sewing project."

Photograph submitted by Emma S. Longson

MONUMENT PARK WEST STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Standing, front row, left to right: Emma S. Longson, President, Monument Park West Stake Relief Society; Hazel Swain, First Counselor; Leah Reynolds, Second Counselor; Antoinette Daynes, Secretary-Treasurer.

Standing front row, second from right, with arm on organ, Phyllis Hansen, chorister; at Sister Hansen's right, Bernice Engeman, organist.

Sister Longson reports: "All of the seven wards in the stake were represented by members of the presidencies."

Photograph submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

CENTRAL AMERICAN MISSION, SAN PEDRO SULA, HONDURAS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAY OF DOLLS AT BAZAAR, November 1958

Gladys K. Wagner, President, Central American Mission Relief Society, reports: "Dolls of various countries were designed, stuffed, and dressed. The dolls were made artistically. Their faces radiated personality, and their costumes were typical of the countries represented. Amparo Vasquez was president of this Relief Society of fifteen members."

Photograph submitted by Beth M. Stallman

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
December 14, 1958

The director, June Eggleston, stands at the left in the back row; Lucille Peel, organist, is seated at the piano.

Beth M. Stallman, President, Inglewood Stake Relief Society, reports: "The group includes members of each of our six wards, also five stake board members. The Singing Mothers also presented the music for our Relief Society stake convention in May, and many of them sang with the chorus from California, at the Relief Society Conference in October 1958."

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth C. Hayward

EAST SHARON STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, January 10, 1959

Front row, left to right: Lorena C. Fletcher, who has served thirty-five years as a visiting teacher; stake social science class leader Pearl Stubbs, who has been a visiting teacher for forty-five years; Annie Gillespie, forty years; Mina Marriotti, fifty years; Amanda Crandall, twenty years.

Second row, left to right: Chloe Tayson, thirty years; Rachael Davis, twenty-five years; Preal Jones, thirty years; Eva Gillespie, forty years; Ina Lewis, thirty years.

Third row, left to right: Lorena James, thirty years; Ivy Perry, thirty years; Margaret

McCracken, twenty-eight years; Winnifred Cannon, twenty-one years; Ida Ercanbrack, thirty years.

Elizabeth C. Hayward, President, East Sharon Stake Relief Society, reports: "For the purpose of giving renewed spiritual uplift and inspiration to our visiting teachers, on January 10th, 1959, our Visiting Teachers Convention was held. All visiting teachers were recognized and honored at this time. Fifty-seven were given special honors for having been visiting teachers for ten years or more, and all those with records of forty years or more of service were presented with Relief Society pins. Sister Mina Marriotti, with fifty years of service, was given an African violet as well. For the main feature of our program we used the presentation given at the last Annual Relief Society Conference, 'A Light Shining.' The sisters conducting and presenting it caught the spiritual message the presentation so well portrays, and none of the beauty or emphasis of its timely message was lost. We were well satisfied with the pleased, enthusiastic reaction of the sisters, and feel that the visiting teaching program received rich new vigor and importance as a result of this meeting."

Photograph submitted by Helen B. Pitcher

CALGARY STAKE (CANADA), RED DEER BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAYS PRIZE-WINNING QUILTS

Left to right: Kathleen Taylor, President; Marie Service, visiting teacher; Johanna Glades; Ellen McLean, Secretary-Treasurer; Sadie Soderberg, visiting teacher; Ruby Lacey, theology class leader; Lola Malmberg; Farrold Service, work meeting leader; Ruth Nielsen, Second Counselor; Jean Edwards; Hazel Guenther, First Counselor.

Helen B. Pitcher, President, Calgary Stake Relief Society, reports that these sisters are seen displaying the quilts which won first and second prizes in competition at a local fair. "These sisters are very devoted and humble in their callings, and although they travel a distance farther than any other members, they never miss."

Photograph submitted by Thelma H. Sampson

SAMOAN MISSION CURIOS COLLECTED BY RELIEF SOCIETY AND SENT TO THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION AT THE NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE

Thelma H. Sampson, President, Samoan Mission Relief Society, reports: "Enclosed is a picture of Samoan curios which our Relief Society sisters collected and sent to the Bureau of Information at the New Zealand Temple, so that people visiting the temple might be able to see and enjoy some of the arts and crafts of the South Sea Islands. Our sisters enjoyed this project and responded with enthusiasm. Now we are busy getting ready for our year's work, as our Relief Society year here in Samoa is from April to December."

Photograph submitted by Luana C. Heaton

SOUTHERN FAR EAST MISSION, REPRESENTATIVES OF FIVE HONG KONG BRANCHES MEET TO PLAN FOR BAZAARS

Shown is a tablecloth on which is embroidered a famous Chinese poem in ancient style of writing.

Luana C. Heaton, President, Southern Far East Relief Society, reports: "We are very pleased with the progress that has been made with the Relief Society program

uring the past year. At this time last year there was only one organized Relief Society. owever, due to the rapid growth in membership, it was necessary to divide the Relief ociety, and, as a result, we now have five well-functioning Relief Societies.

"During the month of December, five Relief Societies held bazaars in Hong Kong. ecember is the month when most bazaars are held in the Colony. After the dividing the Relief Society, the members of the new branches were very eager to prepare for eir own bazaars. In preparing for the bazaars, it was suggested that the evening's ntertainment be divided into three sections: a handwork display, a food and cake le, and a program. Because American-type cakes cannot be purchased in Hong Kong, ne sisters thought it would be a good project to make cakes and sell them at their zaars. It was also decided to have a project of making tablecloths. These table-oths are very unusual in that they are made of twenty-five ten-inch squares. In each uare is embroidered a Chinese character about three inches in length. When the uares are sewed together, they form a Chinese poem. The Chinese sisters are very fted in doing handwork, and the workmanship on the tablecloths is excellent.

"There is a Relief Society branch quite a distance from Hong Kong. In fact, the ly missionaries in charge travel each week to meeting by boat. The town in which is branch is located is a refugee settlement, and because of this the people are very or. The Relief Socity sisters wanted very much to have a bazaar, but realized that e members of the branch would be unable to support it. Therefore, they combined th another branch and held a joint bazaar. Because of financial difficulties and the ng distance in traveling, only three sisters were able to represent their branch at the zaar. However, all the sisters helped with the preparations, and their efforts were ll rewarded, for the bazaar was very successful."

otograph submitted by Norma Schauers

ORWALK STAKE (CALIFORNIA) FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY

Left to right: Fern Marcroft, First Counselor; Norma Schauers, President; Irene ollands, Second Counselor.

Norwalk Stake was organized October 26, 1958, resulting from a division of the ast Long Beach Stake.

Photograph submitted by Leah H. Lewis

CANADIAN MISSION, DISTRICT AND BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AT ANNUAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA, October 18, 1958

Front row, left to right: Jean Shelton; Venice Hill; Emma Hillman; Mabel Taylor, Mission Relief Society Secretary-Treasurer; Leah H. Lewis, President, Canadian Mission Relief Society; Rebecca Bird; Ida Belfiglio; Lilly Scott.

Second row, left to right: Jean Gordon; Dorothy Gates; Mildred Smith; Doraine Nagy; Ileen Ball; Davina Wright; Mildred Porter; Olive Butler; Dorothy Savin; Edna Yeager; Grace Crossman.

Third row, left to right: Martha M. Marshall; Alta Ball; Ruth Jones; Irene Krist; Elva Marie Adamson; Evelyn Connie; Bernice Clark; Della Odendahl.

Back row, left to right: Hazel Tate; Elizabeth Courchesne; Rosalind C. Nye; Isobel Reuter; Doris Morrison; Janet Boucher; Hilda Crashaw; Kathleen Wilson; Emily Ditty; Grace Dunlop.

Sister Lewis reports: "With 235 present, this Relief Society conference was the largest ever held in the Canadian Mission. Some of the sisters traveled nearly 1,000 miles (round trip) to attend the conference. Highly informative and inspirational departmental meetings were held. The work meeting articles, attractively displayed by the branches, were the center of keen interest. The climax of the conference was the presentation of playlets by the Ottawa, London, and East Toronto Branches. These playlets all centered around the Relief Society and the home. The music of the combined Singing Mothers chorus was inspiring. A delicious luncheon was served between sessions by the West Toronto Branch."

Precious Token

Rowena Jensen Bills

A gilded basket full of flowers—
Not the fragile kind,
Nor the delicate in scent
Lovers have in mind,
But all the gay and bright profusion
Windy hillsides bring;
Buttercups and bluebells, daisies,
Laced through yellow string.

Baby hands had plucked one dozen
Blossoms — even more —
To bring to Mother all the grandeur
From a distant shore.

The Silver Leash

(*Continued from page 267*)

ure that a children's wing was what ne hospital needed. Now he was aking the way easy for Dr. Alan o lose his dream. LaRue's voice as sharply critical. "Dr. Alan will e very unhappy in that brand new fice." There was scorn in her ay-blue eyes.

Grandie regarded her passively. Well, well! So you seem to know y grandson pretty well. Better an his fiancee does!"

LaRue was furious with herself r blushing. But she met the old an's eyes and said honestly: "I've ly met him a few times. But I e him. He's a fine man. I know 's a kind, considerate doctor. I've ard him trying to convince Herb at an operation might help him. ut Herb is afraid. Dr. Alan is letg Herb make up his own mind." e rose to the doctor's defense, ying seriously: "I think Dr. Alan ould be allowed to make up his vn mind about where he lives, here he builds his office, or whethhe'd rather stay on at the hospital d build that new wing."

The old man was grinning. Then e said quizzically: "Some people ed a push in the wrong direction." e chuckled softly. "Alan often escribes nasty-tasting medicine for s patients. So nasty medicine is od for doctors, too. Especially hen it's forced down their throats."

LaRue was confused. But the d man was through talking. He t on his hat and bowed low over r hand, telling her that he and e old house had enjoyed her visit. e waved his cane and walked slowto his own red-brick cottage.

ge 275

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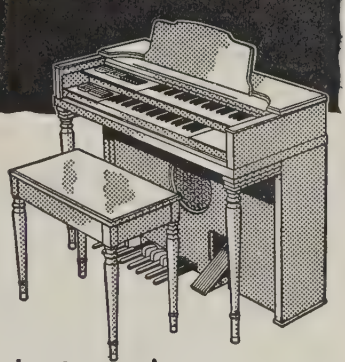

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LARUE stared after him, trying to puzzle him out, trying to understand just what he had meant about "nasty medicine." As she strolled home she put his words down to an old man's wandering memory. She knew she shouldn't, but she asked Connie questions. "Doesn't Grandie like Gladys Drew?"

Connie smiled. "Oh, he likes her all right. But most people don't think she's really in love with Alan. Some people thing that she still likes Earl. But Grandie promised her a beautiful house, and a lot of nice things, and. . . ."

LaRue stopped her, ashamed of herself for wanting to share Connie's gossip. At dinner, she told Herb and the others about her visit to the old house. Connie, as usual, bubbled over with words.

"Mommy used to visit Grandie, too. She loved his house. If Daddy hadn't got hurt she wanted to buy it." The flash of pain in Herb's face made LaRue interrupt, quickly.

"It's very nice up there on the knoll. Cool, lovely. I've been wondering if we all couldn't go there. Have a sort of cook-out. . . ?"

The look of derision in Erma's face made her falter. But Joel leaned across the table, interest in his young face.

"Maybe Grandie would let me see that old car."

LaRue smiled. "He told me he would," she assured him quickly. Then, with a side glance at Erma, "He promised to show us the old furniture. I thought it might be fun."

Erma did not answer, though there was a stirring of interest in her pretty face.

Herb spoke quietly. "When I was a kid, Hillhigh House used to be the show place of the valley. There were always parties. Surreys and fine horses climbed the sloping drive. There were roses along the walks. Their red, pink, and yellow petals made a sort of carpet. . . ."

He was lost in memories.

Connie laughed a little, and cried: "Oh, Daddy, that was in the good old days."

For a long moment there was silence. Then Joel spoke loudly: "Could we have fried chicken, Aunt LaRue?"

It was the first time he had ever made a request. A faint glow burned in LaRue's heart.

"Fried chicken, Joel," she promised, "and a lot of other good things."

Connie bounced. "We'll invite Grandie. And Dr. Alan and Gladys," and with a glance at Erma, she added, "Bob Powers."

Erma flushed hotly, but she didn't speak angrily to her sister.

"Maybe Ed'd like to see that old Lizzie," stated Joel hesitantly.

His eyes turned to his father, as though expecting reproof for such a suggestion, but LaRue spoke hurriedly. "Surely, invite Eddie! All boys like fried chicken." She thought, but did not add: Eddie needs a little help. No boy's all bad.

Connie's eyes were shining. "I just love Grandie," she cried. "Don't you, Aunt LaRue?"

LaRue *had* liked the old man. Even though she *hadn't* understood his double-talk about nasty medicine. She smiled at Connie, then braced herself to face Herb. She held her voice tight so it would not waver.

"You're also invited," she said.

For an instant Herb's hands

nched on the wheels of his chair.
s face drained of color.
aRue heard the quiet breathing
he children as they waited polite-
or their father to speak. By their
es, she knew that they expected
ir father's customary rejection.
aRue's clear eyes forced Herb's
k ones to meet her look. She
w how much courage it was tak-
for him to speak. When he
, it was smilingly.
"I'm very happy to accept."
aRue heard the great sigh which
aped in unison from the chil-
n's lips. She knew they were
ting to keep from showing their
prise. But gratitude shone in
ir faces. They began to make
ns about what should go into
lunch basket. They talked in
tones, as though they were
ost afraid to believe what they
heard their father say. But they
ld not hide the happy smiles
ich raced into their faces.

ARUE'S eyes met Herb's with
an approving smile. She knew
t he had understood what she
s trying to do and had wanted to
lp her. There was an unuttered
hank you," in Herb's face as he
wly turned his chair towards his
om.

As soon as his door had closed,
children broke into excited con-
rsation.

"I'll ask Bob to pick out the
shest vegetables for our salad,"
d Erma happily.

"I'll go tell Eddie what's up,"
ed Joel, and went away, whistling
ightly.

Connie spoke soberly. "I'll ask
nice to come. And Atlast. He
es picnics, though he can't have
y chicken bones. I'll take his

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leash so's he won't get into mischief when Janice and I make a playhouse and play with our dolls."

"What else shall we have to eat?" asked LaRue, poising her pencil above her notebook.

They planned the menu. When Joel came back they set the day, and the time. Joel said he'd get out the folding aluminum chairs. They'd take a table, and grill, and first thing in the morning he and Eddie would. . . .

LaRue didn't really listen to what they all said. She felt warm and happy, closer to Amelia's children than she had felt since she arrived.

She wondered how she had ever doubted them!

After all, she reminded herself tremulously, they are part of their dear mother. . . .

(To be continued)

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The Hole in the Fence

Dorothy Oakley Rea

WHEN Papa finally fixed the hole in the fence, it was like writing the ending to the happiest chapter in the story of our lives in the old home.

He didn't fix it until after all the high-school yearbooks had been fondly tucked away in the attic, and it was after the Nelson family had moved away.

The hole in the fence was a solid link in the friendship chain of the neighborhood where we lived.

The slamming of the screen door at the Nelson house next door told us that, at that minute, one of the Nelsons was coming through the hole in the fence and would be at our back door by the time we were there to open it.

As we each passed back and forth through the hole in the fence, we carried with us the news of joys and sorrows shared by the two homes.

The news of a budding romance, a poor report card, or a new pickle recipe reached the house next door as surely as did the news of wedding, birth, illness, or death.

None could remember how many starts of yeast, fat loaves of hot bread, or pans of newly picked garden vegetables were exchanged through the hole in the fence on those summer days that stretched as sweet and long as poplar shade.

For each of the growing children at our house, there was a friend of near-age in the house next door . .

l Mrs. Nelson was Mama's dear-
friend.

Each springtime when Papa pa-
ntly planted his garden, small
ning feet would lay the new
nts low.

Then he would say at supper,
ama, tomorrow I will surely have
fix the hole in the fence."

Mama would glance at our
med faces with a silencing smile
ause she knew Papa wasn't going
ix the hole in the fence for years
come.

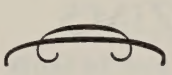
As tides of time changed each of
lives, the old hole in the fence
almost forgotten . . . until the
of Mama's funeral.

That's when Willard, the young-
of the Nelson family, brought it
k to our minds with all the glow-
sweetness of those shining days
un and snow.

I remember the day the Oakley
ily moved into our neighbor-
od," he said from the flower-lined
pit.

It all began with a very small
and a very small hole in the
ce. In fact, the hole was smaller
n the boy, but even as a camel
ght pass through the eye of a
dle, any small boy can pass
ough a very small hole in a wire
ce. However, a miscalculated
gle and the seat of a pair of over-
was caught with a stray wire.
e boy's shout carried well to the
me of the new neighbor. The
ghbor came, and with gentle
ds released the wire and pulled
boy through the fence. . . . May
peat, *pulled the boy through the*
ce, not pushed him back through
fence. That day, a young boy
as an ambassador from his own family, wormed his way into the lives, home, and thoughts of the family next door."

In that sad and solemn hour, we all looked back gratefully to a small hole in the fence that grew with growing children until at last, no fence and no distance were great enough to loosen the bond that was securely welded before the children went away and Papa finally fixed the hole in the fence.



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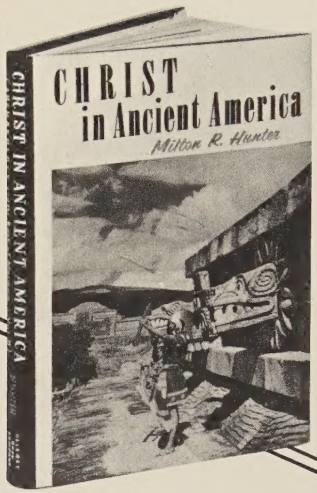

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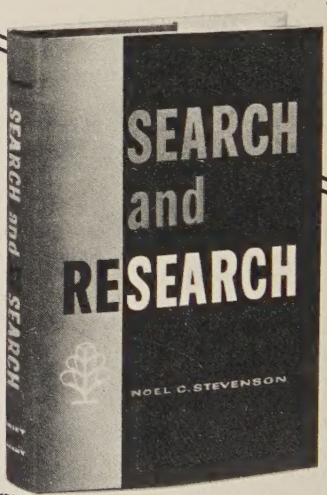

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